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AMOS M. KELLOGG
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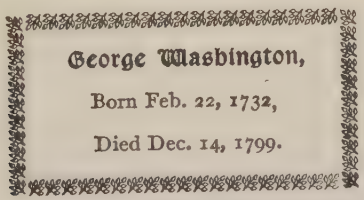
(*Special Exercises.*)

Special Exercises.

Washington's Birthday Exercises.

For 13 pupils. Exercises to be given February 22d.



1st Pupil.—George Washington was born in Westmoreland, Va., one hundred and fifty-two years ago to-day. His parents were very careful in training their children. They tried especially to make them truthful. George had learned this lesson well when only five years old, as the story of the hatchet shows.

2nd Pupil.—An old-fashioned writer says of him: "He made rapid progress in his studies in school, which was not owing so much to his uncommon aptitude at learning, as to his diligence and industry. For example, when the boys would be staring out of the window watching the birds and squirrels, or sitting idly with their hands in their pockets, opening and shutting their jack-knives, or counting their marbles, or munch-

ing apples behind their books, our George, with his hands to his ears to keep out the school-room buzz, would be studying with all his might, nor would he once raise his eyes from his book till every word of his lesson was ready to drop from his tongue's-end of its own accord.

3rd Pupil.—When George was eleven years old his father died, and he and his elder brother Lawrence assisted the mother in taking care of the other three children and looking after the estate. The father bequeathed a large tract of land on the Potomac to Lawrence, who named it Mount Vernon, and here George went to live with his brother, that he might have better school advantages. In addition to the common-school branches he studied bookkeeping and surveying.

4th Pupil.—He was very fond of athletic sports. It is said that he could outdo any of his schoolmates in running, throwing, and wrestling. He used to organize the boys into companies of soldiers, and drill them in military tactics. In this way he grew up strong and vigorous, able to endure hardships.

5th Pupil.—When about 14 years of age George was possessed with a desire to go to sea. His brother Lawrence procured a warrant for him, and he prepared to go, his mother reluctantly giving her consent. But when he came to bid her good-bye, her courage failed, and she refused to consent to his going. We presume George was disappointed, but he unpacked his trunk and dutifully stayed at home with his mother.

6th Pupil.—George continued to spend much time with his brother, with whom he was always a favorite. While there he employed much of his time in surveying, which he decided to make a profession of. Near his brother lived Lord Fairfax, who owned a very large estate, and he employed George to survey for him. This often took him many miles into the forests, where

he fell in with Indians who became very friendly to him. He learned many things from them that were useful to him afterwards when he had to fight them.

7th Pupil.—When he was about 19, trouble between England and France brought about the French and Indian war. Lawrence Washington was an officer in the company of colonists who were preparing to oppose the French, and he obtained the appointment of George to the office of Major. Soon after this Lawrence was obliged to go to the Bahamas for his health, and George accompanied him. Here he caught the small-pox, which left his face slightly marked. The climate did not help Lawrence, and he returned home. Shortly after he died, leaving his large estate at Mount Vernon to George.

8th Pupil.—From 1753 to 1758 Washington was engaged in the French and Indian war. He then resigned his commission, was married to Mrs. Martha Custis, and settled down at Mount Vernon. He took an active part in the questions which led to the outbreak of the Revolution. Was appointed commander-in-chief of the army in 1775.

9th Pupil (*boy*).—I would like to relate just a short story to show how daring he was, and how sharp to detect anything that was not all right. There was an old Tory (during the revolutionary war) who pretended to be a good friend to Washington, but Washington suspected him. One day the Tory invited Washington to dinner; he pressed him to come alone, and to be there exactly at 2 o'clock. At a quarter before two Washington rode up. The Tory was very agreeable, and proposed a walk on the piazza until dinner was ready. He appeared a little nervous and kept watching a hill in the distance, over which they soon saw a company of what appeared to be British troops riding. Washington called the Tory's attention to them, and said it wouldn't be best for them to see him there. But

he assured the General that there was not the slightest danger; they were only friends. Washington appeared to be satisfied, and they continued their walk until the troops were near the house; then slapping Washington on the shoulder the Tory said: "General, you are my prisoner." "My friend," said Washington laying hold of him, "you are mistaken; you are mine." The troops were Washington's own men whom he had ordered to dress in British uniform, and come for him at two o'clock, suspecting the Tory's little trick.

10*th Pupil.*—At the close of the Revolutionary war, Washington looked forward with pleasure to a return to private life, but a grateful people called him to the head of the country he had served so well. For eight years longer he continued in her service, and then returned to his home in 1787.

11*th Pupil.*—In public, Washington was rather formal in manner, but in private he was pleasant and genial, especially with children. He never had any of his own, but was a kind father to his two step-children.

12*th Pupil.*—A little incident illustrating his kindness is related by a gentleman who was sent to Mount Vernon with a message. The gentleman had caught a severe cold on the way, and Washington urged him to take some remedies before retiring, but he refused. In the night he coughed a great deal, and presently he heard a knock at his door. On looking out there stood Washington himself with a bowl of tea in his hand.

13*th Pupil.*—The 13th of December, 1799, was a cold, rainy day. Washington was out long enough to get wet and caught a severe cold. The next morning he was very sick and a doctor was called. All known remedies were applied, but without avail. He grew rapidly worse all day. At twelve o'clock the following night the "Father of his Country" breathed his last.

Teacher.—The following lines addressed to Mount

Vernon, express the sentiment of every American heart:

All.— There dwelt the man, the flower of human kind,
Whose visage mild bespoke the noble mind,
There dwelt the Soldier who his sword ne'er drew
But in a righteous cause, to Freedom true.
And oh, Columbia, by thy sons caressed.
There dwelt the Father of the realm he blessed,
Who no wish felt to make his mighty praise,
Like other chiefs, the means himself to raise;
But *there* retiring breathed in pure renown,
And felt a grandeur that disdained a crown.
—Rev. Wm. Jay.

Shakespeare Exercises.

William Shakespeare,

Born April 23 (?) 1564,

Died April 23, 1616.

Note.—The paragraphs can be committed to memory and repeated, or copied and read. Participants may be seated upon the platform, or at their seats, and rise in order. Prepare a tablet or banner with the following:

1st Pupil.—A century ago George Stevens wrote: "All that is known with any degree of certainty of Shakespeare is, that he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, married, and had children there; went to London, where he commenced acting, and wrote poems and plays; returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried."

2nd Pupil.—Tradition adds to this that his father was once a well-to-do yeoman of much intelligence, holding

at one time several important offices; that his mother was of a genteel family; that he acquired a little learning at a grammar school in Stratford, which one of his friends said amounted to "small Latin and less Greek."

3rd Pupil.—It is said that he was a handsome youth, who sowed a good many wild oats, and married, when only eighteen, a woman eight years older than himself; then he fled to London to escape persecution from a man whose wrath he had incurred by writing a satirical ballad about him; and that his first employment when he reached London was holding horses at the doors of the theatre.

4th Pupil.—Whether there is any truth in these stories or not, it is quite certain that he entered the theatre, became an actor, and soon a writer also, of plays. It was quite customary then for actors to write new plays and recast old ones for their employers. In the days of Queen Elizabeth dramas were in demand. The theatre took the place of our newspaper and light literature. Shakespeare was seeking, not fame but a fortune, and he bent his energies to the work. His talent was soon discovered and he received large sums for his plays.

5th Pupil.—He also wrote poems, for one of which he received, it is said, $3,000. His works consist of 37 plays, 5 long poems, and 154 sonnets. Of the plays, King John, Richard II and III, Henry IV in two parts, Henry V, Henry VI in three parts, and Henry VIII are historical; Titus Andronicus, Hamlet, King Lear, Macbeth, Julius Cæsar, Antony and Cleopatra, and Cymbeline are legendary; and the others are fictional. In his sonnets he touches often upon himself, and gives us reason to suppose that he carried through life,

> "An unseen grief
> That swells with silence in the tortured soul!"

6th Pupil.—The material out of which several of his plays are constructed was taken from old legends and

historical scenes. Some have charged him with borrowing, but it has been well said that when he did borrow he borrowed nobly. "He breathed upon dead bodies and brought them to life."

7th Pupil.—No long description of his characters is needed; they speak for themselves. A few words acquaint us with the wicked Cleopatra who "feeds herself with most delicious poison," with the false Cressida who "with one eye yet looks on Troilus, but with her heart her other eye doth see Diomedes." We see her opposite in the faithful Vergillia who "will not over the threshold until her lord return from the wars," and in the mother of Coriolanus, we see the stern Roman matron, who had "rather eleven sons die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action."

8th Pupil.—Shylock reveals his malignity in:

> "I will not hear thee speak,
> I'll have my bond. . . .
> The pound of flesh which I demand of him
> Is dearly bought; 'tis mine and I will have it.
> If every ducat in six thousand ducats
> Were in six parts and every part a ducat,
> I would not draw them; I would have my bond."

He is asked for charity's sake to have a surgeon ready to stop his victim's wounds "lest he do bleed to death," but he says:

> "Is it so nominated in the bond?
> I cannot find it: 'tis not in the bond."

9th Pupil.—Shakespeare's characters are live men and women. If he did know "small Latin and less Greek" he knew the book of human nature by heart. Perhaps no one character shows this knowledge more than that of Macbeth. He was not a bad man at first.

But the prophecy of the witches roused his ambition. The more he thought about it the more he desired their fulfillment and the less repulsive seemed the murderous plot urged by his wife. But he can hardly summon the nerve to do the deed. On the way he mutters:

"Thou sure and firm-set earth:
Hear not my steps which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my whereabouts."

And after it is done he says to his wife.

"Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth doth murder sleep, the innocent sleep,'"
. . . .
What hands are here! Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine, making the green one red."

10*th Pupil.*—Brutus is the very personification of patriotism. Hear him speak to the conspirators:

"What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honor in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently."

And then to the people in explanation of the murder of Cæsar:

"Yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done;
Our hearts ye see not, they are pitiful
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
Hath done this deed to Cæsar."

"If there be in this assembly any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer—not that I loved

Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more . . . I slew my best lover for the good of Rome. I have the same dagger for myself when it shall please my country to need my death."

11th Pupil.—Shakespeare makes Mark Antony utter words that draw tears even now. "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:

"I come to bury Cæsar—not to praise him.
"He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious, and Brutus
Is an honorable man. · · · Bear with me
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar
And I must pause till it come back to me.
"Here is a parchment,—'tis his will
Let but the commons hear this testament
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
"I must not read it.
It is not meet to know how Cæsar loved you.
· · · · ·
"If you have tears prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle, · · ·
Look! In this place ran Cassius' dagger through,
Through this the well beloved Brutus stabbed,
And as he plucked his cursed steel away
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked or no;
For Brutus as you know was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart,
And in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell."

12th Pupil.—In Hamlet we see the noble heart to whom life has become a burden:

"To be, or not to be—that is the question:—
Whether it is nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles
And by opposing end them, . . .
"For who would bear the whips and scorns of time
The oppressor's wrong and the proud man's contumely
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscovered country from whose bourne
No traveler returns,—puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear the ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of."

13*th Pupil.*—The name of Shakespeare is the greatest in literature; it has become—to use his own expression "as familiar as household words." His works have been translated into every language of the civilized world; they will never grow old; they have been called a library in themselves; the more they are studied the more beauty is found in them. We will close with a few of the tributes that have been paid to him.

Coleridge calls him the "many souled Shakespeare."

Dr. Johnson said:

"Each change of many colored life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new."

Churchill said:

"Nature listening stood while Shakespeare played,
And wonder'd at the work herself had made."

Ben Johnson said:

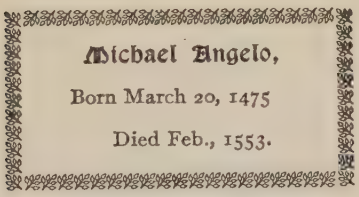
"Thou art alive still while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give."

And Milton—

"Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a livelong monument."

***

Angelo Exercises.



[NOTE.—The paragraphs can be committed to memory and recited, or copied and read. The participants can all be seated on the platform and rise in order, or come up to the platform from seats near. The teacher may give a lecture on Art as a part of the exercise. Procure a large card and print on it as below.]

1st Pupil.—We have come together to celebrate the birthday of a great man—a great sculptor, painter, architect, and poet. He was born in Tuscany, Italy, in 1475.

2nd Pupil.—As soon as he could use his hands he began to draw. At school he neglected his lessons and spent his time in drawing. His father was displeased with this and treated him harshly, but the boy had nothing but drawing in his thoughts.

3rd Pupil.—When he was 13 years old his father reluctantly consented to place him under the instruction of a noted artist who agreed to pay for the boy's services—a very unusual thing for a mere beginner.

4th Pupil.—His progress was so rapid that in a short time the master confessed that his pupil understood more than he did himself. While studying here he painted his first noted picture—a representation of St.

Anthony tortured by monsters whose bodies were distorted into all manner of animal and fishy shapes. While working on it he used to frequent the fish markets to study the forms of the fish.

5th Pupil.—Lorenzo, the ruler of Florence, opened a garden for artists in that city and Michael Angelo went there to study. There he first attempted sculpture. He obtained some pieces of marble and copied the image of a Centaur which stood in the garden so well that the work attracted the attention of Lorenzo. He paid particular attention to the boy artist, gave him rooms in the palace, and treated him with great kindness.

6th Pupil.—Here he became acquainted with the best artists in the country, but he was no imitator of their work. He studied the living forms around him, giving particular attention to the muscles of the human frame. He studied them in every possible position, and even dissected dead bodies that he might learn more about them. It was this that gave him his power in sculpture and painting.

7th Pupil.—When he was twenty years old he executed a Cupid in marble which was sold to a cardinal in Rome and was the occasion of the artist paying a visit to that city. He was 21 years old when he arrived in Rome. The works of art he saw there aroused him to greater enthusiasm in his work. He decided to remain and study them. Then he executed a statue which first made him famous—the *La Pieta.* It represents the Virgin Mary, mourning over her dead son. The work is now standing on the altarpiece of a side chapel of St. Peters, at Rome.

8th Pupil.—When this was finished he returned to Florence, and began his next great work—the statue of David. He made it from a block of marble 18 feet high, which had been prepared for another design and abandoned. Other sculptors considered the block

spoiled, but Michael Angelo so completely used the whole of it that a small piece of the natural crust of the stone could be seen on the head of the statue. It was placed on the piazza of the Gran Duca, where it now stands. The statue represents David standing with one foot on Goliath's head holding the sword in his hand ready for a blow.

9th Pupil.—So far Michael Angelo had given his attention entirely to sculpture. He was 28 years old before he attempted anything to speak of in painting. He then received an order to paint a wall in a monastery, which shows what an exalted opinion was had of his abilities. While he was at work upon this the Pope, who had been told what a wonderful artist he was, sent for him to come to Rome and ordered him to build for him a huge mausoleum.

10th Pupil.—This was a new kind of work—architecture—but he drew his plans, the Pope approved of them, and he went to work. The mausoleum was to be 30 feet high and to consist of three parts, one above the other; to contain more than fifty statues, many bronzes, and to be ornamented with all manner of architectual decorations. But it progressed slowly, and before much was done upon it he was chosen to paint the walls of the Sistine Chapel.

11th Pupil.—This was a very great task. The ceiling and walls were to be covered with pictures. It is here that the originality and boldness of his style is clearly shown. There is no repetition in the faces or figures. Each one portrays boldly the characteristics of the subject. The pictures are nearly all Bible scenes. On the ceiling is the picture of the creation of the world, the creation of Adam and Eve, the temptation in the Garden, the expulsion from Paradise, the sacrifices of Abel and Cain, and the Deluge. In the smaller places about the walls are many other Bible scenes and single figures of the twelve apostles, of the prophets, and of sybils.

12*th Pupil.*—The ceiling was painted in 20 months. He worked at it almost constantly; His eyes became so accustomed to looking up that for a long while afterward he was obliged to read with his head bent back, and the book held above it.

13*th Pupil.*—About this time the Pope died and the new Pope ordered him to cover the front of the church of San Lorenzo with sculpture. This was a greater work than the mausoleum even. Before it was finished this Pope died, and the next one gave him more painting to do in the Sistine Chapel. He was very anxious to finish the mausoleum, and worked at it whenever he could get a chance, but he was kept so busy with other works that he was never able to complete it.

14*th Pupil.*—In his 72nd year he was appointed architect of St. Peter's, which office he continued to hold till his death. With this great work in his hands he yet found time for others, among which was a bridge across Tiber, the Church of St. Maria, and a palace on Capitoline hill. The hill he also adorned with statues.

15*th Pupil.*—The Cathedral of St. Peters had been carried as far as the dome when the architect was called away from all his work. A slow fever attacked him in February, 1553, and in a few days he died.

16*th Pupil.*—His disposition was inclined towards melancholy; some thought this was due to a disfigurement of his face, caused by a blow received in his youth. He was proud and passionate, but noble-minded, and a wonder of generosity. He lived very simply and sent nearly all the money he earned home to his father.

17*th Pupil.*—Besides being a painter, sculptor, and architect, he was also a poet of no mean ability. Several editions of his poems have been published. Dante was his favorite poet. It is said that he knew all of his poems by heart.

18*th Pupil.*—Many of the artists of his day hated him through envy, and did not give his works the

credit they deserved, but every one since his time admits that he was one of the greatest, if not *the* greatest artist that ever lived.

The Value of Knowledge.

(For closing or other important days.)

[This exercise introduces 23 pupils—8 boys and 15 girls—but may be adapted to any school. If there are too many participants, some parts may be omitted, if not enough more may be added, so that each pupil may have something to do. A song may be sung by the school before beginning the exercises. The platform is then vacated. A pupil steps upon it and rings the bell. Others now hurry in and take their seats on chairs provided as at the opening of school. The pupil says: "Our teacher will not be here this morning until recess; I propose that we keep school all by ourselves and improve the time to the best advantage."]

Edgar (*throwing up his hat.*) Hi! I'll improve my time to the best advantage, you bet. Come on boys; let's have some fun. (*Leaves his seat and walks around.*)

Henry. I say we had better get our lessons first and have them off our minds. Then we shall be ready to enjoy ourselves. My father says: "Work first, play afterwards."

Edgar. Pshaw! What's the good of studying? I wish there wasn't any books. I wish there never had been any made, and I had all the money that's been spent for them.

William. I tell you what, boys! Let's have a debate. *Resolved:* "That it is better to have money than knowledge."

Harvey. Hold on! We'll have to have a chairman first, and do things in a business way.

Fred. I nominate Stella Clapper for chairman.

Harvey. I second the nomination.

William. It is moved and seconded that Stella Clapper be chairman of this meeting. All in favor of

that manifest it by saying "Aye." (*All vote.*) It is carried. Miss Clapper will please take the chair.

(*Stella takes the teacher's chair.*)

Stella. Please proceed with the question. Edgar Shaw says money is best.

Edgar (*rises*). Well, I am afraid this is more than I bargained for, but I think I can show that I am right. I am sure it would be much better to have money than knowledge, for with money you can buy all you need. Knowledge won't buy you a crust of bread if you are starving (*sits*).

Henry (*rises*). Miss Chairman.

Stella. Henry Olliver.

Henry. The gentleman says knowledge won't buy a crust of bread. I beg to differ with him. Knowledge will buy much more than a crust; knowledge is in demand; it brings a high price in the market. Suppose I know how to draw plans for a house; I go to a man who wants to build a house, and tell him how long he must have this wall, how high that one, how deep his foundation, and how much material he will need. He pays me for what I tell him; I sell him my knowledge.

Fred. (*rising.*) Miss Chairman.

Stella. Fred Brown.

Fred. The gentleman has been talking about a trade, not knowledge, such as we are getting here, which I think is what the first gentleman meant.

William (*rising.*) A man's trade is his knowledge; it is knowledge of the things he has to work with, and knowledge of how to place them so as to accomplish what he wishes to. The knowledge we are getting here is the foundation on which we will build our trades or professions after we leave school.

George (*rising.*) Yes; but there are thousands of good carpenters and masons and all kinds of workmen who have no education at all, many who do not know how to read even.

Harvey. Miss Chairman: I beg to correct the last gentleman. He said *good* workmen when he should have said *passable* workmen. They do a certain a amount of work in a day and do it well, but a machine would do it as well or better. They do not keep improving in their business and increasing their salary, because they are working blindly. If they had a good stock of knowledge to start with, and then learned their trades and then kept on reading and improving themselves, they would become masters of their business and leave the lower place to others.

Charles. Miss Chairman: If it would be in order to introduce the opinions of others in this debate, I would like to quote something from Edward Everett.

Stella. If there is no objection you may do so.

(*Charlie rises and declaims.*)

Edward Everett says: "What sir! feed a child's body and let his soul hunger; pamper his limbs and starve his faculties? What! plant the earth, cover a thousand hills with your droves of cattle, pursue the fish to their hiding places in the sea, and spread your wheat fields across the plains in order to supply the wants of that body which will soon be as cold and senseless as the poorest clod, and let the spiritual essence within you, with all its glorious capacities for improvement, languish and pine? What! build factories, turn in rivers upon the water-wheels, unchain the imprisoned spirits of steam to weave a garment for the body and leave the soul unadorned and naked? What! Send out your vessels to the farthest ocean and make battle with the monsters of the deep in order to obtain means for lighting up your dwellings, and permit that vital spark which Deity has kindled to languish and go out?"

Mary (*rising.*) Miss Chairman: I believe in knowledge, too. I have just been reading about "A Wonderful Storehouse." It says: "In the field of Time stands

a wonderful storehouse filled with the rarest of treasures, which are free to all who will but go there for them. One of the strangest things about it is that the more there is taken out the fuller it grows. In olden times people did not go to it very often. Some Egyptians went once and came away with the power to build wonderful pyramids, temples, and tombs. Some Phœnicians went soon afterward, and received power to build ships and sail them, so that they became famous navigators. The Greeks were frequent visitors of the storehouse, and received great power in sculpture, painting, and literature. The storehouse had become very large by that time, but there followed a long time—nearly a thousand years—in which scarcely a visitor entered it, and the whole world became full of sin and misery, and some of the evil men destroyed a part of the storehouse. But after a time people began to go there again for treasures. One man received a wonderful one—the printing press. That sent many men to the storehouse. It began to enlarge rapidly, and the treasures increased. Some of the visitors received knowledge of the laws of weights and pulleys, by which they were able to construct machinery to work for them. Others obtained knowledge of plants and soils, and the power to increase the products of the earth; others power to arrest diseases and to diminish bodily pain. One came away with power to imprison steam and compel it to pull boats and cars and turn wheels; another with power to chain the lightning, and another with power to make this work with steam in turning wheels and pulling cars. Is not this a wonderful storehouse? But what is more wonderful still, only a few out of the millions of people ever go to it. But more and more are going every year; perhaps the time will soon come when its treasures will be spread all over the world."

Henry. Miss Chairman: A great deal has been said

on the value of knowledge by very eminent men. Some of us can present the views of these writers better than we can our own. One of these I remember is: "Knowledge is like a lighthouse on a dangerous coast."—QUAIFE.

Minnie. Solon, one of the seven wise men of Greece, said: "A man that is rich in knowledge is rich in all things, for without it there is nothing, and with it what can be wanting?"

Davie. Yes, and Dr. Franklin said: "If a man empties his purse into his head no man can take it away from him; an investment in knowledge always pays the best interest."

Katie. I saw this yesterday: "What lasting benefits come from knowledge? This is apparent on every page of the world's history."

Fanny. Mrs. Burnett says: "Early knowledge is very valuable capital with which to set forth in life; it gives one an advantageous start."

Susan. And this is what the ancient astronomer, Pythagoras, said: "He that hath no knowledge of that which he ought to know is a brute among men; and he that knoweth no more than he hath need of is a man among brute beasts; and he that knoweth all that may be known is a god among men."

Bertha. A German writer says: "Knowledge expands the mind, exalts the faculties, refines the taste of pleasure, and opens innumerable sources of enjoyment." —UFFENBACH.

Helen. Sidney Smith wrote upon the "Pleasures of Knowledge," he says: "It is the ancient feeling of the human heart that knowledge is better than riches. To mark the course of human passions as they have flowed on in the ages that are passed; to see why nations have risen and why they have fallen; to speak of heat, and light, and the winds; to know what man has discovered in the heavens above and in the earth

beneath; to hear the chemist unfold the marvelous properties that the Creator has locked up in a speck of earth; to be told that there are worlds so distant from our own that the quickness of light traveling since the world's creation has never reached us,—it is worth while in the days of our youth to strive for this.

"To wander in the creations of poetry, and grow warm again with that eloquence which has swayed the democracies of the Old World; to go up with the great reasoners to the First Cause of all, and to perceive in the midst of all this dissolution and decay and cruel separation that there is one thing unchangeable, indestructible, and everlasting;—it is surely worth while to pass sleepless nights for this; to give up for it laborious days; to spurn for it present pleasures; to endure for it afflicting poverty; to wade for it through darkness, and sorrow, and contempt, as the great spirits of the world have done in all ages and in all times.

"A life of knowledge is not often a life of injury and crime. Whom does such a man oppress? With whose happiness does he interfere? Whom does his ambition destroy? In the pursuit of science he injures no man; in the acquisition of knowledge, he does good to all. Therefore, when I say love knowledge with a great love, a vehement love, what do I say but love innocence, love virtue, love purity of conduct, love that which if you are rich and great, will sanctify the Providence which has made you so, and make men call it justice; love that which, if you are poor, will render that poverty respectable; love that which will comfort you, adorn you, and never quit you; that which will make your motives great and honorable, love that which will make you fertile in resources, rich in imagination, strong in reasoning, prudent and powerful above your fellows in all your relations and in all the offices of life?"

Kate. Miss Chairman: Little Nettie Moore knows a pretty verse about knowledge.

Stella. Will you speak it, Nettie?
Nettie (*a very small girl.*)

Deeper, deeper, let us toil,
In the mines of knowledge,
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil
Win from school and college;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Grace. I know one from the Bible:

Wisdom hath builded her house;
She hath hewn out her seven pillars;
She hath killed her beasts;
She hath mingled her wine;
She hath also furnished her table;
She hath sent forth her maidens;
She crieth upon the high places of the city;
Who'er is simple, let him turn in hither;
Come eat of the bread
And drink of the wine I have mingled;
Forsake the foolish and live,
And go in the way of understanding,
For by me thy days shall be multiplied,
And the years of thy life shall be increased.

Edgar. Miss Chairman: I give up. I did not expect I should have to contradict so many wise old philosophers. I yield the point. Knowledge is a very desirable thing, but it is terrible hard work to get it. I wish some of those ancient wise men had thought to tell us how we might become wise and not work so hard as we do.

Mabel. I can tell:

"Little by little," a small boy said,
And each day the littles he stored in his head;
Little by little in learning he grew,
Learning each day a little that's new,
Till at last the world in amazement cried:
"How great is the man—how wondrous wise?"

Carrie. I know another something like that. It is:

LEARN A LITTLE EVERY DAY.

Little rills make wider streamlets,
  Streamlets swell the river's flow;
Rivers join the mountain billows,
  Onward, onward as they go!
Life is made of smallest fragments,
  Shade and sunshine, work and play;
So we may with greatest profit,
  Learn a little every day.

Tiny seeds make countless harvests,
  Drops of rain compose the showers,
Seconds make the flying minutes,
  And the minutes make the hours!
Let us hasten then and catch them
  As they pass us on the way!
And with honest, true endeavor,
  Learn a little every day.

Let us read some striking passage;
  Cull a verse from every page;
Here a line and there a sentence,
  'Gainst the lonely time of age!
At our work, or by the wayside
  While the sun shines making hay;
  hen we may by help of study,
  Learn a little every day.

Robert. I should like to hear Harriet Ives recite "King Solomon and the Bees." I heard her recite that nicely, beautifully.

Harriet—

KING SOLOMON AND THE BEES.

When Solomon was reigning in his glory,
Unto his throne the Queen of Sheba came
To see the splendors of his court and bring
Some fitting tribute to the mighty king.

Nor this alone; much had her highness heard
What flowers of learning graced his royal speech,
What gems of wisdom dropped with every word;
What wholesome lessons he was wont to teach
In pleasing proverbs; and she wished in sooth,
To know if rumor spoke the simple truth.

And straight she held before the monarch's view,
In either hand a radiant wreath of flowers;
The one bedecked with every charming hue,
Was newly culled from Nature's choicest bowers
The other, no less fair in every part,
Was the rare production of divinest art.

"Which is the true and which the false?" she said,
Great Solomon was silent. All amazed,
Each wondering courtier shook his puzzled head,
While at the garlands long the monarch gazed,
As one who sees a miracle, and fain
For very rapture ne'er would speak again.

"Which is the true?" once more the woman asked,
Pleased at the fond amazement of the king,
"So wise a head should not be hardly tasked,
Most learned liege, with such a trivial thing."
But still the sage was silent; it was plain,
A deepening doubt perplexed the royal brain.

While thus he pondered, presently he sees,
Hard by the casement,—so the story goes—
A little band of busy, bustling bees,
Hunting for honey in a withered rose;
The monarch smiled and raised his royal head
"Open the window!"—that was all he said.

The window opened at the king's command;
Within the room the eager insects flew,
And sought the flowers in Sheba's dexter (right) hand!
And so the king and all his courtiers knew
That was Nature's; and the baffled queen
Returned to tell the wonders she had seen.

My story teaches (every tale should bear
A fitting moral) that the wise may find
In trifles light as atoms in the air,
Some useful lesson to enrich the mind,
Some truth designed to profit or to please,
As Israel's king learned wisdom from the bees.

—JOHN G. SAXE.

Minnie. Charles Mackay has written a fine piece on "What Might be Done." I think every one would like to hear Clara recite it.

Clara—

What might be done if men were wise!
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite,
In love and right,
And cease their scorn for one another.

Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving kindness,
And knowledge pour
From shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All Slavery, Warfare, Lies, and Wrong,
All Vice and Crime might die together,
And wine and corn
To each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? This might be done,
And more than this, my suffering brother,
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other.

—CHARLES MACKAY.

[The teacher enters quietly and some one whispers "Teacher has come." There is a general commotion. Stella rises and bows to her. Teacher comes forward.]

Teacher. I have been listening and am pleased that you have improved the hour so well. We will sing, "We come! We come?" and then we will take a recess.

(*As they are all singing the teacher taps the bell, and all march out and take their regular seats. Then speeches may follow from visitors, and general matters pertaining to the close of school be attended to*).

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Campbell Exercises.

Thomas Campbell,

Born July 27, 1777.

Died June 15, 1844.

[Let the participants be seated on the platform or together in front of it, and rise in turn. It would be a good thing to have the historical events alluded to in the poems embodied in brief essays, and read in their appropriate place.]

1*st Pupil.* Thomas Campbell was born and educated in Glasgow, Scotland. He began to write poetry when about 20 years old, and decided to devote himself to literature as a profession. For this purpose he went to Edinburgh, where he soon produced a poem that attracted much attention and brought him into the best society.

2nd Pupil. The work was "The Pleasures of Hope," a long poem, which contains many historical allusions. One is to unfortunate Poland, that was seized by the

Russians, Prussians, and Austrians, and divided between them. Campbell with others was very indignant over the injustice of this act; and writes thus of the fall of Kosciusko, the leader of the Poles at the battle of Warsaw:—

Warsaw's last champion from her height surveyed
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—
Oh! heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save!
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name we wave the sword on high,
Aad swear for her to live!—with her to die!

He said, and on the rampart heights array'd
His trusty warriors, few but undismayed;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful in the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge or death,—the watchword and reply;
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm.

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew;
Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of time,
(Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;)
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye and curb'd her bright career;—
Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd—as Kosciusko fell!

3rd Pupil. The "Pleasures of Hope" brought the poet money as well as friends. This enabled him to travel, and while traveling in Saxony, he witnessed from the monastery of St. Jacob the battle of Hohenlinden, fought between the French and Austrians. He describes it in the following noted poem:

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight.
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light,
The darkness of the scenery.

By torch and trumpet, fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed, to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of blood-stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun,
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave Munich, all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry.

Few, few shall part where many meet,
The grave shall be their winding sheet
And every sod beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulcher.

4th Pupil. Another famous battle Campbell has "celebrated in song"—the battle of Bannockburn, where the Scots, under Robert Bruce, gained that glorious victory over the English:

Wide o'er Bannock's heathy wold
Scotland's dreadful banners roll'd
And spread their wings of sprinkled gold,
To the purpling east.

Freedom beamed in every eye;
Devotion breathed in every sigh;
Freedom heaved their souls on high,
And steeled each hero's breast.

Charging then the coursers sprang,
Sword and helmet clashing rang,
Steel-clad warriors, mixing clang
Echoed round the field.

Dreadful see their eyeballs glare.
See the nerves of battle bare!
Arrowy tempests cloud the air,
And glance from every shield.

See how red the streamlets flow!
See the reeling yielding foe,
How they melt at every blow!
Yet we shall be free!

Darker yet the strife appears;
Forest dread of flaming spears!
Hark! a shout the welkin tears!
Bruce has victory.

5th Pupil. Perhaps the most noted of Campbell poems is "Lochiel's Warning." Lochiel was the chief of a Scottish clan in the time of George II. of England. Charles the Pretender tried to raise an insurrection in Scotland, and Lochiel joined him. The wizard in the

poem is represented as foretelling the defeat which overtook Charles at the battle of Culloden. He says:

(*Addressing 6th pupil, who rises*)

Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in flight.
They rally, they bleed for their kingdom and crown!
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, oh Genullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning; no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep Albin! to death and captivity led!
Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead;
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

6th pupil—

Go preach to the coward thou death-telling seer!
Or if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw dotard around thy old wavering sight
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

5th pupil—

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home in the dark rolling clouds of the north?

Lo! the death shot of foemen out speeding he rode,
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high;
Ah! home let him speed,—for the spoiler is nigh,
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers like stars from the firmament cast?

'Tis the fire shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
Oh! crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling, all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark were it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

6th pupil—

False wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan;
Their swords are a thousand! their bosoms are one;
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.

Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock'
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanranald, the dauntless, and Moray, the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

5th pupil—

Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day!
For dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal;
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore;
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my sight;
Rise, rise! ye wild tempests and cover his flight.

'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors;
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.

Say, mounts he the ocean wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
Ah, no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is his bier;
His death-bell is tolling; Oh! mercy, dispel
Yon sight that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs.
And his blood-streaming nostrils in agony swims.
Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

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6th pupil—

Down soothless insulter! I trust not the tale;
For never shall Albin a destiny meet
So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
Like ocean weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

7th Pupil. After his return from his travels, Campbell continued to write for the press, supporting his mother and sisters, as well as his own family with his earnings. Besides his poems and contributions to newspapers and magazines, he wrote a "History of the Reign of George III.," collected material for his "Specimens of British Poets," edited *Colburn's Magazine* for ten years, and started the *Metropolitan Magazine.* His second long poem is "Gertrude of Wyoming," published in 1809. His later poems were inferior to his earlier ones. He was much depressed by the defeat of the Poles, in whom he took an enthusiastic interest. About the same time his wife died, and his son became insane. These afflictions, with the knowledge that he had lost his poetic art made the last years of his life sad

ones. Yet he kept busy writing and traveling until shortly before his death.

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Thanksgiving Exercises.

Thanksgiving.

Nov. .....

[TEACHER.—The people of our country feel that they ought to express their gratitude to their Creator by setting apart one day for giving thanks for gifts, enjoyments, and blessings. We as a school have met for this purpose and I will ask all who have thoughts suitable for the occasion to let us hear them.]

1. RECITATION:—*By a Little Girl.*

Why should we be thankful? We have so many things to be thankful for, I cannot tell them all. We are thankful for the lovely spring with grass and buttercups and daisies. Then comes summer, with roses and long days to play in,—and autumn, with her lap full of fruit and grain and nuts. I want to be thankful for all of them, but most of all for my dear father and mother, kind teachers, and happy school-mates.

2. RECITATION:—For what are we thankful?

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the fruits in full supply,
Ripened 'neath the summer sky;
  Flocks that whiten all the plain,
  Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse,—

All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land,
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores.

3. *Teacher.*—What does President ——— say about Thanksgiving Day?

4. A pupil reads the President's Proclamation.

5. SINGING:

My Country! 'tis of thee, etc.

6. *Teacher.*—What does the Governor of our State say about Thanksgiving Day?

7. A pupil reads the Governor's Proclamation.

8. RECITATION:—The poet Whittier has this to say about the pumpkin which is used on Thanksgiving Days:

What moistens the lip—and what lightens the eye?
What calls back the past like the rich pumpkin pie?

O,—fruit loved of boyhood!—the old days recalling,
When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling.
When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within!
When we laughed round the corn-heap, with hearts all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin—our lantern, the moon.
Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like steam,
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her team!
Now the prayer, which my mouth is too full to express,
Swells my heart—that thy shadow may never grow less,
That the days of thy lot may be brightened below,
And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin vine grow,
And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky
Gold tinted and fair as thy own pumpkin pie!

9. SENTIMENTS:

[By different pupils rising in their seats.]

First Pupil. Thanksgiving and joy cause singing, leaping, dancing. It is a lively joy that fills the bosoms of those who have it and makes them happy.

Second Pupil. Thanksgiving dwells in the heart, not on the tongue or in the stomach.

Third Pupil. Thankfulness is not thanksgiving.

Fourth Pupil. I borrow my thanksgiving from my heart not from my dinner.

Fifth Pupil. Do not wait for a special day in which to be thankful. He who waits for thanksgiving day to be thankful will not be thankful when it comes.

Sixth Pupil. Plato said: "I thank God I was born a man not a beast: a Grecian not a Barbarian," but I thank God that I was born an American instead of Hindu.

Seventh Pupil. Thanksgiving makes a crust sweet—the want of it a turkey bitter.

Eighth Pupil. The way to get more favors is to be thankful for those we have.

Ninth Pupil. Thankfulness will not come unless called.

10. SINGING:—

TUNE.—*Shall we Gather at the River.*

We shall see the brighter beaming
Of an era on the way,
Even now its dawn is gleaming
Soon will burst the glorious day.

Chorus.—Yes the victory is nearing!
The victory, the victory is nearing
Shouts of gladness we are hearing
From the hosts our schools make free.

We shall see the young and gifted
Standing forth in manly strength
And the people all be lifted
To a purer life at length.

11. RECITATION:—

Behold the fallen autumn leaves
Lie scattered where the ripened grain
Was gathered up in golden sheaves
From valley, hill, and distant plain.

Then children, haste, the skies are clear,
This day resounds the glad refrain,
The harvesters from far and near,
Have gathered up the golden grain.

12. RECITATION:—

Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noontide, and the dewy eves;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

13. RECITATION:—Burns says:

Some hae meat that canna eat,
And some would eat that want it;
But we hae meat and we can eat,
Sae let the Lord be thank'et.

14. *Teacher.* For what should we be most thankful?

[Here a few pupils might be trained to take up single themes as Health, Food, Friends, and give a verse to sustain the subject.]

[TEACHER.—A spirit of thankfulness is always to be encouraged. Let us try to feel thankful every day. I thank you heartily for your kind co-operation this afternoon.]

Christmas Exercises.

1. THE GREETING.

Dear parents and friends, we greet you to-night,
With words of good cheer and with songs of delight;
We come from the valley of innocent joy;
We know not the cares that the heart may annoy;
It is the glad occasion when both the old and young
In one loud voice of harmony send up their grateful song.

Welcome, welcome is the greeting,
Which this night we give our friends,
Joyous, joyous is the meeting
Which your kindly presence lends.
Love is still our richest treasure,
Casting out all earth-born fear;
Let the smile of heartfelt pleasure
Beam on all who gather here.

2. RECITATION BY A YOUNG MAN OR YOUNG LADY:—

KING CHRISTMAS.

He is come! he is come! a monarch he,
By his broad bright reign over land and sea;
A king with more than a kingly sway,
For he wields a sceptre that hearts obey;
He comes to us with a song and shout,
And a tinkle of laughter round about,
And a rhyme of bells
That sways and swells
Cheerily under the faint, brief blue,
That crowding at nightfall, the stars look through;
He comes in joy to our household ring;
Meet him, and greet him, and crown him king.

To lowly cottage and lordly hall,
He comes with a blessing for each and all·

He holds his court by the blazing hearth,
For he loves the music of household mirth.
The boys all hail him with shout and glee,
For a rare boy-loving old king is he;
They deck their homes,
And watch as he comes
Down the dark of the winter night;
They weave him a garland of holly bright;
For he comes with gifts to their joyous ring:
Then meet him, and greet him, and crown him king.

He mends the links in Love's broken chain,
And drifting hearts are drawn near again;
He brings us back, amid smiles and tears,
Our dear ones, over the gulf of years:
He sings to us echoes, sweet and low,
Of the song that was sung so long ago,
To the shepherds of old,
As they watched the fold.
Of "peace on earth" and to men "good will,"
And softly the same sweet story still,
King Christmas tells in our social ring;
Then meet him, and greet him, and crown him king.

3. SNOW-FLAKES.

For six children dressed in white.

1. We are Love's winter angels;
When earth is bare and brown
We cover all her wounds and scars
With mantles soft as down.

2. Above the sleeping roses,
Above the wildwood flowers,
We spread our warm and shining robes
Through all the winter hours.

3. The long and lonely meadows
That lose their blossoms bright,
And weep for all their loveliness,
We veil, with glittering white;

4. The forest boughs that shudder,
All knotted black and bare,
We hang with flowers like bridal bowers,
The blossom bells of air.

5. We are Love's little angels,
But mortal eyes are dim—
Men cannot see how fair we be,
Nor hear our joyful hymn.

6. We are Love's shrouded angels;
But birds and blossoms know
When God's dear love falls from above,
Though boys may call it snow.

4. SONG:—THE CHRISTMAS WELCOME.

May be sung to the tune of "Tramp, tramp, tramp." If recited omit the chorus.

When the summer-time is passed and the harvest housed at last,
And the woods are standing bare and brown and sere;
When the frost is sharp at night, and the days are short and bright,
Comes the gladdest, merriest time of all the year.

Chorus—Shout, boys, shout, the hearty welcome!
Greet old Christmas with a roar
He has met us with good cheer for this many a merry year,
And we hope he'll meet us all for many more!

Let the tempest rage without, let its blast be wild and stout,
What care we? Our hearts are stouter still and strong,
And within 'tis warm and light, and kind eyes are shining bright,
And the voices of our friends are in our song.
Chorus—Shout, boys, shout, etc.

There's a rare and ancient rhyme tells that at the Christmas time,
Evil spirits flee away from all the earth,
That no wicked word may jar, and no sinful work may mar,
And no sorrow cast a shade on mortal mirth.
Chorus—Shout, boys, shout, etc.

Then away with every cloud that our pleasure might enshroud,
And away with every word and look unkind;
Let old quarrels all be healed, and old friendships closer sealed,
And our lives with sweeter, purer ties entwined.
Chorus—Shout, boys, shout, etc.

Since we know the blessed power of this happy Christmas hour,
We will keep its holy spell upon our heart,
That each evil thing within that would tempt us into sin,
May forever from our peaceful souls depart.
Chorus—Shout, boys, shout, etc.

5. RECITATION BY A BOY:—UNCLE SKINFLINT'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Christmas is very near, and everybody expects Christmas presents, of course. There's my niece Eleanor, saying to herself: "I wonder what Uncle Skinflint is going to give me." That is the worst of being worth money. People always expect you to be giving. Well, I'll surprise them this time, for I'm one of those who don't give often, but do something worth while when they start out. Eleanor has no piano. I'll give her one—a grand piano, with carved legs. That and a nice stool I can get for a thousand dollars, and I'll send it home on Christmas night with my love—"Uncle Skinflint's love." No; that won't do, for the

poor girl really needs a cloak; and for three or four hundred dollars I can give her a real sealskin that would last her a lifetime. Yes—no—let me see. Sealskin may go out of fashion, besides they are too warm for this climate. I will buy her a sewing-machine and then she can make herself a new cloak every year, if she likes, and frocks, and aprons, and all sorts of things. I'll get one for seventy-five or eighty dollars; very nice present.

And yet, now I think of it—what a pretty watch Huff, the jeweler, showed me the other day. A watch —yes, a watch for fifty dollars. I'll get that. But that won't do, for she'll forget to wind it up. What's the use of a watch that is not wound? Now, a good merino dress, what a comfort that would be! A nice blue, or dark-red merino. No—that wouldn't be wise. Second thoughts are best. It is December. In four months it will be too warm for merino. But gloves, now—say, half a dozen assorted colors in a box. But I don't know Eleanor's number. Besides, I have heard that the cheap kind split. But pocket handkerchiefs with colored borders are nice. A dozen at twenty cents each would please her. Nothing could be more useful. There's an objection though; she's always losing her handkerchiefs. Whatever I give her, I want her to keep to remember me by when I am gone. When I was in the "Seven-cent Store" the other day, I saw some nice nutmeg graters—bronze, with a little hole to hang them up by, and a box for the nutmeg—only seven cents. I'm glad I remember it. I'll get her one of those. It will encourage her to make cake and puddings. And an egg beater! I'll buy her both; and as I'm never mean, I'll throw in a nutmeg. It's the best bargain you can get for fifteen cents. And as she's going to be married, nothing can be more appropriate. Eleanor will feel that I am sure. I'll go and buy them at once.

6. A READING:—THE CHILDREN OF THE YEAR.

(*Young lady at one side of the stage reads and each enters, bows, and walks off. Or a frame may be made in which each stands behind a door that is opened by the reader; when she finishes the reading she shuts the door, waits a few moments and then opens it to display the next, and so on. January enters, dressed in long cloak, trimmed with fur; fur cap—with military appearance.*)

January! tall and bold,
Stern of features, distant cold,
Is the eldest of my band—
Shake him warmly by the hand.
For his heart is good and true;
He is planning something new,
Always, for his home and friends.
Cold and distant though he be,
He is very dear to me.

(*February, as a small boy, with skates over his shoulders, and drawing a sled.*)

February next in years,
As a little boy appears;
He's so very short and small;
But he's sturdy after all.
He can skate and coast and slide,
And his sisters in their pride
Greet him warmly, for they know
He must brave the winter's snow.

(*March comes in roughly, sliding on stage, dressed in flowing scarf, mittens, cap, etc., boisterous.*)

Slipping, sliding into view,
Here comes March! How do you do?
He's a noisy boy as ever
Breathed the breath of life, for never

Is he still unless he's sleeping.
"Stormy March," is oft his greeting,
Yet he's kind as he can be,
And his heart is full of glee.

(*April—slender girl—blue eyes, light hair, flowing—dressed in pale green.*)

Next comes April, fretful child,
Sweet at times, then cross and wild;
Cries a great deal, then she's sunny.
All her brothers call her "Funny,"
But she has a loving face,
And her form is full of grace;
Bright blue eyes and sunny hair
Fall to pretty April's share.

(*May—young girl—smiling—pretty—dressed in simple white dress—trimmed with long grass—cut from tissue paper. Buttercups and daisies in her hands.*)

Here comes lovely, laughing May.
What can she have done to-day?
Roaming o'er the meadows sweet,
With the daisies at her feet,
And the buttercups so gay,
Smiling at her all the way.
Little May's a favored child,
Gentle, loving, meek, and mild.

(*June—elaborately dressed in trailing white—much trimmed with flowers and jewels. Crown and flowers on her head.*)

June is queen among them all;
Roses blossom at her call;
All her paths are strewn with flowers,
Through the long, bright, sunny hours.
Lovely June, with gentle hand,
Scatters blessings o'er the land,
Paints the roses, white and red,

While the pansies in their bed
Open wide their sleepy eyes.
June has such a happy way,
That the neighbors always say,
"Come again another day."

(*July appears as a young man, in working dress, collar open—broad straw hat—scythe on shoulder—walks as though fatigued—dusty shoes, etc., etc.*)

Panting with the noontide heat,
Thirsty, tired, with weary feet,
Comes July, my brave July,
Rising early as the dawn,
While the dew is on the lawn,
Off he goes with whistle gay,
To the meadows far away,
Where the grass and clover bloom,
Yielding up their sweet perfume.

(*August as tall young man—all dressed for travel—large umbrella—satchel, etc.*)

August says: "The ripened grain
Is all garnered from the rain,
Let us go and have a play,
By the seaside, far away,
Where there is no work to fear,
We will rest, and dream, and hear
What the voices of the sea
Have to say to you and me."

(*September comes in quickly, sheaf of grain or grass on shoulder—fruit in shallow basket, or hanging from his shoulders. Loose, light garments—white turban—Syrian appearance.*)

September appears with a bounding rush,
That seems to say:
"I can put your merriest one to the blush
At work or play!"

He fills our mouths with his grapes and pears;
He rattles our nuts about his ears;
He gathers his apples and binds his sheaves,
While the days whirl by like the whirling leaves;
Say who could be
Better company
Than gay September, for you and me.

(*October dressed in white, trimmed with autumn leaves and grass—palate in hand with brushes.*)

October comes in late, you must excuse her—she has been up all night upon the river, and on the hill-tops, seeking a place where she may now begin her autumn painting. All through the day she's painting pears and apples, but when the evening comes she sallies forth with brush and palette, to brighten up the fading leaves and grasses.

(*November—tall young lady, dressed in brown, veil hanging from head—very pale and sad—moves very slowly.*)

Ah! here's November—she's the saddest child I have; she hardly ever smiles, and makes all other people sad about her. Nobody loves November, and yet she has charms which all my other children might be proud to have.

(*December in long overcoat—sprinkled freely with cotton for snow—muffled to protect from cold—represents winter.*)

December! last of all—he loves a frolic just as well as any one I know—and, like his elder brothers, he can skate and slide. He loves the winter,—and is happiest in a snowstorm; he revels in the drifts, and thinks the cold North wind is nothing but a plaything. I love them all—each is my favorite child,—a fonder, happier mother never lived.

(*All stand in a semi-circle—curtain falls.*)

9. ACROSTIC.

(For children, dressed in white, each one having suspended around the neck a gold letter on a blue ground. At the close of each recitation the card is turned, showing the letter.)

1. Merry the children under the castle wall
Sing carols gay, to cheer both great and small.

2. Each Christmas as it comes brings us cold fingers, blue noses, and red cheeks, but we do not mind that, for it also gives us snow-balls, snow-houses and snow-men.

3. Rough blows the wind, snow-showers far and near,
Drift without echo to the whitening ground.
Autumn has passed away, and cold and drear
Winter steps in with frozen mantle bound.

4. Roll on, Old Year! you have done your work well;
You have gathered up gold,
To fill us with cheer! Roll on, Old Year.

5. Yes, the new years come, and the old years go,
Slowly and silently to and fro.
Little by little the longest day
And the longest life will pass away,
As the new years come, and the old years go.

6. Christmas comes but once a year,
But coming, may it bring
Plenty of cheer and happiness,
And every pleasant thing.

7. High and low
The winter winds blow—
They fill the hollows with drifts of snow,
And sweep on the hill-tops a pathway clear,
As they hurry the children along to school,
And whistle for Christmas and glad New Year.

8. Ring out, sweet bells, on this winter's night,
And tell the same old story:
Christmas has come with all its fun,
And skating with its glory.

9. In comes Christmas, like a king,
Dressed in white and crowned with gold;
In his kindly arms he brings,
Gifts of love for old and young.

10. Sleigh-bells are ringing;
Children are singing,
Carols that tell of the glad Christmas-tide.
Do we remember
The month of December
Brings us more joy than all months beside?

11. The wild flowers are all warmly tucked up in their beds this cold winter weather, and Mother Nature is rocking them to sleep.

12. Merry Christmas! What a welcome sound! It tells of holidays and frolics, snow-balls and skating.

13. A happy Christmas to you!
May it bring you all fair things,
With the sweetest, best remembrance,
That about its coming clings.

14. Sweet memories come and nestle in our hearts, of by-gone Christmas times.

Ere this departs, may it give something dear to garner up, and fill our hearts with cheer.

10. BOUNDARY OF CHRISTMAS.

By a small boy.

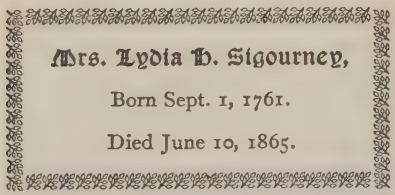
Christmas is bounded on the north by Happiness, Good Wishes, Oyster Lake, and the Isthmus of Cranberry Sauce; on the east, by the peninsula of Turkey

and ocean of Goodies; on the south by Mince Pies, Jellies, and Cakes; on the west by Pleasant Words, from which it is separated by the mountains of Cheerfulness. The capitals of Christmas are Peace and Good Will, on the Christmas-tree River.

Dear teachers, friends, and schoolmates, we are now on the border of this happy country, and before entering we wish you all a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

II. SINGING.

Sigourney Memorial Day.



[Such material is here presented as might not be readily found by teachers who do not have access to a good library. Most school readers contain familiar selections from this author, among which is "The Rain Lesson," beginning, "Mother, it rains, and tears like rain fell down," that may be used in addition to these. The plan of the exercise is left with the teacher.—EDS.]

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Mrs. Sigourney was born in Hartford, Conn. As a child she was remarkably bright. She could read when but three years old. In her ninth year she composed some verses that surprised her family with their excellence. At twenty-four she published a volume of poems, "Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse." She afterwards published a number of works, some prose and

some poetry; among the latter was a volume of poetry for children. She lived to be seventy-four years old, and was noted for her benevolence; one-tenth of her income she gave to charitable objects.

BERNARDINE DU BORN.

King Henry sat upon his throne,
And full of wrath and scorn,
His eye a recreant knight survey'd—
Sir Bernardine du Born.
And he that haughty glance returned,
Like lion in his lair,
While loftily his unchang'd brow
Gleamed through his crisped hair.

"Thou art a traitor to the realm,
Lord of a lawless band;
The bold in speech, the fierce in broil,
The troubler of our land.
Thy castles and thy rebel-towers
Are forfeit to the crown,
And thou beneath the Norman axe,
Shalt end thy base renown.

'Deign'st thou no word to bar thy doom,
Thou with strange madness fired?
Hath reason quite forsook thy breast?"
Plantagenet inquired.
Sir Bernard turned him toward the king,
He blenched not in his pride;
"My reason failed, my gracious liege,
The year Prince Henry died."

Quick at that name a cloud of woe
Pass'd o'er the monarch's brow;
Touched was that bleeding chord of love,
To which the mightiest bow.

Again swept back the tide of years,
Again his first-born moved,—
The fair, the graceful, the sublime,
The erring, yet beloved.

And ever, cherished by his side,
One chosen friend was near,
To share in boyhood's ardent sport,
Or youth's untam'd career.
With him the merry chase he sought,
Beneath the dewy morn;
With him in knightly tourney rode
This Bernardine du Born.

Then in the mourning father's soul
Each trace of ire grew dim;
And what his buried idol loved
Seemed cleansed of guilt to him;—
And faintly through his tears he spake,
"God send His grace to thee,
And, for the dear sake of the dead,
Go forth—unscathed and free."

INDIAN NAMES.

1. Ye say they all have passed away,
That noble race and brave:
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave;
That 'mid the forests where they roamed,
There rings no hunter's shout;
But their name is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out.

2. 'Tis where Ontario's billow
Like ocean's surge is curled,
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
The echo of the world.

Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tribute from the West,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast.

3. Ye say their cone-like cabins,
That clustered o'er the vale,
Have fled away like withered leaves
Before the autumn gale;
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore,
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

4. Old Massachusetts wears it
Upon her lordly crown,
And broad Ohio bears it
Amid his young renown;
Connecticut hath wreathed it
Where her quiet foliage waves;
And bold Kentucky breathed it hoarse
Through all her ancient caves.

5. Wachusetts hides its lingering voice
Within his rocky heart;
And Alleghany graves its tone
Throughout his lofty chart;
Monadnock, on his forehead hoar,
Doth seal the sacred trust;
Your mountains build their monument,
Though ye destroy their dust.

6. Ye call these red-brown brethren
The insects of an hour,
Crushed like the noteless worm amid
The regions of their power;
Ye drive them from their fathers' lands,
Ye break of faith the seal;
But can ye from the court of Heaven
Exclude their last appeal?

7. Ye see their unresisting tribes,
With toilsome step and slow,
On through the trackless desert pass,
A caravan of woe;
Think ye the Eternal Ear is deaf?
His sleepless vision dim?
Think ye the *soul's blood* may not cry
From that far land to Him?

NIAGARA.

Flow on forever in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty; God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead, and the cloud
Mantles around thy feet. And He doth give
Thy voice of thunder power to speak of Him
Eternally, bidding the lips of man
Keep silence, and upon thy rocky altar pour
Incense of awe-struck praise.

Longfellow Exercises.

Henry W. Longfellow,

Born Feb. 27, 1807.

Died March 24, 1882.

1. Henry W. Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine. He graduated from Bowdoin College, in a class including Hawthorne, Cheever, Abbott, and others who have become distinguished in literature.

2. While in college he wrote several short poems and distinguished himself in modern languages. After leaving college he visited Europe. He was professor in Harvard College for seventeen years, but few knew him as a professor; thousands have known him as a poet, and thousands are born every year who will read and enjoy his poetry all their lives.

3. The poet's house at Cambridge, Mass., was located on the spot which was the headquarters of General Washington when he took command of the American Army, in 1775. His study has been thus described:—"His table is piled with pamphlets and papers in orderly confusion; an orange-tree stands in one window; near it a stuffed stork keeps watch; by the side of the fire is the 'Children's Chair.' And in one of the bookcases, are, rarest treasures of all, the poet's own works in their original manuscript, carefully preserved in handsome and substantial bindings. Here, too, one may see the pen presented by 'beautiful Helen of Maine.' Upon the staircase is the old clock, which 'points and beckons with its hands.'"

4. He has recently been honored by the erection of his bust in the Poet's Corner in Westminister Abbey; the first memorial ever placed there of other than a British-born subject. The words of U. S. Minister Lowell, at the ceremony of unveiling the bust, fitly describe the poet's character:—"His nature was consecrated ground, into which no unclean spirit could ever enter."

Selections from his writings.

5. Live up to the best that is in you; live noble lives, as you all may, in whatever condition you may find yourselves, so that your epitaph may be that of Euripides:—"This monument does not make thee famous, O Euripides! but thou makest this monument famous."

6. Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

7. Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs;
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low.

8. The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept
Were toiling upward in the night.

9. Look not mournfully into the past,—it comes not back again: wisely improve the present,—it is thine;

go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart.

10. Build me straight, O worthy master!
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with waves and whirlwind wrestle.

11. Study yourselves, and most of all note well
Wherein kind nature meant you to excel.

12. The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do without thought of fame. If it comes at all it will come because it is deserved—not because it is sought after.

13. Man is unjust, but God is just, and finally justice triumphs.

14. The poem—"The Children's Hour," recited or read, by a pupil.

15. The poem—"The Children," recited or read.

Longfellow's Alphabet.

(These quotations may be given by the pupils in concert, or individually.)

a. As turning the logs will make a dull fire burn, so change of study a dull brain.

b. By the cares of yesterday
Each to-day is heavier made.

c. Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
God-like is it all sin to leave.

d. Do thy duty; that is best
Leave unto thy Lord the rest.

e. Each thing in its place is best.

f. For the structure that we raise,
Time is with material filled.

g. God is not dead, nor doth He sleep
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail.
With peace on earth, good will to men.

h. He who serves well and speaks not, merits more
Than they who clamor loudest at the door.

i. If you wish a thing to be done well, you must do it yourself.

j. Joy hath an undertone of pain,
And even the happiest hours their sighs.

k. Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and grow strong.

l. Labor with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone.

m. Make the house where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

n. Nothing useless is, or low.

o. Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

p. Patience is powerful.

q. Quickly our pleasures glide away,
The moments that are speeding fast
We heed not, but the past more highly prize.

r. Reward is in the doing.

s. Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.

t. Think that to-day shall never dawn again.

u. Use no violence, nor do in haste what cannot be undone.

v. Visions of childhood, stay, O stay!
Ye were so sweet and wild.

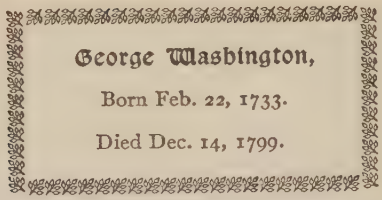
w. We cannot buy with gold the old associations.

x. 'Xcelleth all the rest,
He who followeth love's behest.

y. Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

z. Zeal is stronger than fear or love.

George Washington Exercises.



[At the exercises six or eight boys or girls at a time will come upon the platform and arrange themselves in a semi-circle, when one will step forward and recite, then step back into line; another will then step forward and so on. If possible, have a large portrait of Washington to hang over the platform. Underneath it place a placard bearing the dates of his birth and death. Both of these may be ornamented with flags and evergreens.

Some of the following standard selections may be read and declaimed. They will be found in our best school Readers and Speakers:

"The Flag of Washington."
"Ode to Washington's Birthday," by Holmes.
"Washington's Birthday," by Cutter.
"Warren's Address," by Pierpont.
Extract from Grimke, beginning, "We cannot love our country with too deep a reverence."
"Character of Washington," by Jared Sparks.
"Importance of the Union," by Webster.
"Washington and Franklin."
"The Birthday of Washington," by Rufus Choate.
Selection, beginning: "I love my country's pine-clad hills."
"I'm With You Once Again," by George P. Morris.
"The Blue and The Gray," by Finch.
"Independence Bell."
"Paul Revere's Ride."
"Our Native Land," by Walter Scott.

The following songs are all appropriate, and may be dispersed through the program:

"The Star Spangled Banner."
"Hail Columbia."
"Red, White and Blue."
"National Hymn."
"America."
"Flag of the Free."

"My Native Land."
"Battle Cry."
"Rally Round the Flag."

(Suggested Program.)

1st. Introduction.
2nd. Song.
3rd. Composition on Washington.
4th. Recitations. (Recited from platform.)
5th. Concert Recitation by School.
6th. Declamation.
7th. Select Reading.
8th. Instrumental Music, or Song by a Pupil.
9th. Recitation.
10th. Song by School.
11th. Declamation.]

Selections for Recitations.

My Country.

Land of the forest and the rock,
Of dark-blue lake and mighty river,
Of mountains reared aloft to mock
The storm's career, the lightning's shock;
My own green land forever!
O never may a son of thine,
Where'er his wandering steps incline,
Forget the skies which bent above
His childhood like a dream of love.

—Whittier.

Freedom! sweet Freedom! our voices resound,
Queen by God's blessing, unsceptered, uncrowned!
Freedom, sweet Freedom, our pulses repeat,
Warm with her life-blood, as long as they beat.
Fold the broad banner stripes over her breast,—
Crown her with star-jewels, Queen of the West!
Earth for her heritage, God for her friend,
She shall reign over us, world without end!

—Holmes.

Few, few were they whose swords of old,
Won the fair land in which we dwell;
But we are many, we who hold
The grim resolve to guard it well.

Strike for that broad and goodly land,
Blow after blow till men shall see
That Might and Right move hand in hand,
And glorious must their triumph be.

—BRYANT.

THE CONCORD FIGHT.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled foeman stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe has long in silence slept:
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
When like our sires our sons are gone.

Spirit that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and Thee.

—EMERSON.

SELECTIONS FOR YOUNGER CHILDREN.

First Pupil—

Tell me, who can, about our flag,
With its red and white and blue;
How it came to have so many stars,
And pretty stripes so few.

Second Pupil—

The thirteen stripes are for thirteen States,
That first into Union came;
For each new State we have added a star,
But have kept the stripes the same.

Third Pupil—

The number has now reached forty-four,
So here is an example for you;
Take the "old thirteen" from forty-four,
And how many States are new?

Fourth Pupil—

Thirteen from forty-four; let's see,
Well, three from four leaves one,
And one from four leaves three,
There will be remainder, thirty-one.

Fifth Pupil—

And these all reach from east to west,
On both the ocean'shores;
And over all this proud flag waves,
And the "Bird of Freedom" soars.
[Song—"Red, white and Blue."]

The American Flag.

(For Seven Little Children.)

[A pupil holding the Star-Spangled Banner in his hand, recites a stanza and the others join in the chorus.]

Pupil—

This is our flag, and may it wave
Wide o'er land and sea!
Though others love a different flag,
This is the flag for me.

The Class—

And THAT'S the flag for all our land,
We will revere no other,
And he who loves the symbol fair,
Shall be to us a brother.

Pupil—

America's the land we love,
Our broad, fair land so free,
And schoolmates, wheresoe'er I go,
THIS is the flag for me.

The Class—

Pupil—

These glorious stars and radiant stripes,
With youthful joy I see;
May no rude hand its beauty mar,
THIS is the flag for me.

The Class—

MAXIMS OF WASHINGTON.

"Without virtue and without integrity, the finest talents and the most brilliant accomplishments can never gain the respect and conciliate the esteem of the truly valuable part of mankind."

"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience."

"A good character is the first essential in a man. It is, therefore, highly important to endeavor not only to be learned, but virtuous."

"Speak not ill of the absent, it is unjust."

"Ingratitude, I hope, will never constitute a part of my character, nor find a place in my bosom."

"I never wish to promise more than I have a moral certainty of performing."

"I shall never attempt to palliate my own foibles by exposing the error of another."

"I am resolved that no misrepresentations, falsehoods, or calumny shall make me swerve from what I conceive to be the strict line of duty."

"To persevere is one's duty, and to be silent is the best answer to calumny."

"Commerce and industry are the best mines of a nation."

"Associate with men of good quality if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company."

"Be courteous to all, but intimate with few; and let those be well tried before you give them your confidence."

"Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present."

"It is a maxim with me not to ask what, under similar circumstances, I would not grant."

"Let your heart feel for the afflictions and distresses of every one."

"The consideration that human happiness and moral duty are inseparably connected, will always continue to prompt me to promote the progress of the former by inculcating the practice of the latter."

FROM WASHINGTON'S WRITINGS.

1. A different opinion on political points is not to be imputed to freemen as a fault. It is to be presumed that they are all actuated by an equally laudable and sacred regard for the liberties of their country.

2. Promote as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

3. This Government, the offspring of our own choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and your support. Respect for authority, compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true liberty.

4. It is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your National Union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it, accustoming yourself to think and speak

of it as the palladium of your political safety and prosperity.

5. Born in a land of liberty; having early learned its value; having engaged in the perilous conflict to defend it; having, in a word, devoted the best years of my life to secure its permanent establishment in my own country; my anxious recollections, my sympathetic feelings, and my best wishes are irresistibly attracted whensoever in any country I see an oppressed nation unfurl the banner of freedom.

6. Republicanism is not the phantom of a deluded imagination. On the contrary, laws under no other form of government, are better supported, liberty and property better secured, or happiness more effectually dispensed to mankind.

FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.

1. It matters very little what immediate spot may have been the birthplace of such a man as Washington. No people can claim, no country can appropriate him. The boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity and his dwelling place, creation.—CHARLES PHILLIPS.

2. Washington did the two greatest things which, in politics, man can have the privilege of attempting. He maintained, by peace, that independence of his country which he had acquired by war. He founded a free government, in the name of the principles of order, and by re-establishing their sway. —GUIZOT.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod. —COLLINS.

DECLAMATIONS.

Genius of Washington:—How many times have we been told that Washington was not a genius, but a person of excellent common sense, of admirable judgment, of rare virtues. Genius we must suppose is the peculiar and shining attribute of some orator whose tongue can spout patriotic speeches, or some versifier whose muse can "Hail Columbia," but not of the man who supported States on his arm, and carried America in his brain. The madcap Charles Townsend, the motion of whose pyrotechnic mind is like the whiz of a hundred rockets, is a man of genius; but George Washington, raised up above the level of even eminent statesman, and with a nature moving with the still and orderly celerity of a planet round its sun, he dwindles in comparison into a kind of angelic dunce. By what definition do you award the name to the author of an epic, and deny it to the creator of a country? By what principle is it to be lavished upon him who sculptures in perishing marble the image of possible excellence, and withheld from him who built up in himself a transcendent character, indestructible as the obligations of duty and beautiful as her rewards? He belongs to that rare class of men who are broad enough to include all the facts of a people's practical life, and deep enough to discern the spiritual laws which animate and govern those facts.—E. P. Whipple.

National Monument to Washington:—Just honor to Washington can only be rendered by observing his precepts and imitating his example. He has built his own monument. We and those who came after us, in successive generations, are its appointed, its privileged guardians. The widespread republic is the future monument to Washington. Maintain its independence. Uphold its constitution. Preserve its union. Defend its liberty. Let it stand before the world in all its

original strength and beauty, securing peace, order, equality, and freedom, to all within its boundaries, and shedding light and hope and joy upon the pathway of human liberty throughout the world—and Washington needs no other monument. Other structures may fully testify our veneration for him; this, this alone can adequately illustrate his services to mankind.

Character of Washington:—Cæsar was merciful, Scipio was continent, Hannibal was patient; but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and, like the lovely masterpiece of the Grecian artist, to exhibit in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model and the perfection of every master. A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the command. Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it.

If he had paused here, history might have doubted what station to assign him; whether at the head of her citizens, or her soldiers, her heroes, or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowns his career and banishes all hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having emancipated a hemisphere, resigned its crown and preferred the retirement of domestic life to the adoration of a land he might be almost said to have created? Happy, proud America!

The lightnings of heaven yielded to your philosophy! The temptations of earth could not seduce your patriotism!—Charles Phillips.

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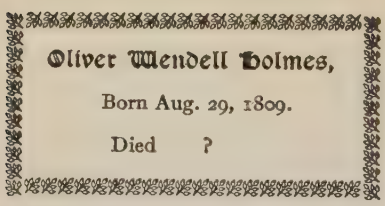
Holmes Exercises.



[A frame is made as above shown and suspended back of the stage. The pupils may assemble on the stage or several may come on it at one time and recite their parts. A good portrait of the poet should be shown.]

1st Pupil. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was born at Cambridge, Mass., August 29, 1809. When twenty years of age he graduated from Harvard college and began to study law. His father's profession, however, had more attraction for him than the law and he soon became a successful physician. He was called to teach anatomy and physiology in Dartmouth college, and two years afterward in Harvard.

Dr. Holmes began to write verses for the college paper while he was a student in Harvard, and was called upon to write many anniversary poems after he graduated. He has written a number of novels and medical works, and was one of the founders of the *Atlantic Monthly*, in which his famous "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" papers first appeared. These have since been published in book form, and so have his many humorous and beautiful poems.

Dr. Holmes ranks among the most gifted of poets. The English people paid him great honors during his visit there, and Americans will always be proud of him.

2nd Pupil. In the *Chambered Nautilus* are these lines; they are considered very beautiful.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

3rd Pupil. In his *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* he says: I would have a woman as true as death. At the first real lie which works from the heart outward, she should be tenderly chloroformed into a better world, where she can have an angel for a governess, and feed on strange fruits which will make her all over again even to her bones and marrow.

4th Pupil. In another place in the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* he says: Books are the *negative* pictures of thought, and the more sensitive the mind that receives their images, the more nicely the finest lines are reproduced.

5th Pupil. Of Hope he writes:

Hope, only Hope, of all that clings
Around us, never spreads her wings;
Love, though he breaks his earthly chain,
Still whispers he will come again;
But Faith, that soars to seek the sky,
Shall teach our half-fledged souls to fly,
And find, beyond the smoke and flame,
The cloudless azure whence we came.

6th Pupil. In the *Autocrat* he says: Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of Resurrection.

7th Pupil. In his poem *The Boys* he says:

You hear that boy laughing?—You think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;

The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

8th Pupil. Here are two of his lines:

Oh, what a precious book the one would be
That taught observers what they're *not* to see.

9th Pupil. These are from the same poem:

The outward forms the inner man reveal,
We guess the pulp before we cut the peel.

10th Pupil. So are these:

Virtue may flourish in an old cravat,
But man and nature scorn a shocking hat.
But, oh, my friend! my favorite fellow man!
If nature made you on her modern plan,
Sooner than wander with your windpipe bare,—
The fruit of Eden ripening in the air,—
With that lean head-stalk, that protruding chin,
Wear standing collars were they made of tin.

11th Pupil. Speaking of daily trials he says:

Storms, thunders, waves!
Howl, crash, and bellow till ye get your fill;
Ye sometimes rest; men never can be still
But in their graves.

12th Pupil. In *Tailor's Soliloquy* he says:

Ah me! how lovely is the golden braid
That binds the skirt of night's descending robe!
The thin leaves, quivering on their silken threads,
Do make a music like a rustling satin,
As the light breezes smooth their downy nap.

. . . . . .

The vulgar know not all the hidden pockets,
Where Nature stows away her loveliness,

13th Pupil. Of a portrait he writes:

I love sweet features; I will own
That I should like myself
To see my portrait on a wall
Or bust upon a shelf;

But Nature sometimes makes one up
Of such sad odds and ends,
It really might be quite as well
Hushed up among one's friends.

14*th Pupil.* Of the Comet:

The Comet! He is on his way,
And singing as he flies;
The whizzing planets shrink before
The specter of the skies;
Ah! well may regal orbs burn blue,
And satellites turn pale,
Ten million cubic miles of head,
Ten billion leagues of tail!

15*th Pupil.* In the Lexington poem:

Green be the graves where her martyrs are lying!
Shroudless and tombless they sunk to their rest,—
While o'er their ashes the starry gold flying
Wraps the proud eagle they roused from his nest.

16*th Pupil.* Of the Puritans he says:

God bless the ancient Puritans!
Their lot was hard enough;
But honest hearts make iron arms
And tender maids are tough;
So love and faith have formed and fed
Our true-born Yankee stuff,
And keep the kernel in the shell
The British found so rough.

17*th Pupil.* Of the country he says:

Poor drudge of the city! how happy he feels
With the burs on his legs, and the grass at his heels!
No *dodger* behind, his bandannas to share;
No constable grumbling, "You mustn't walk there."

18*th Pupil.* Also this:

O what are the prizes we perish to win
To the first little "shiner" we caught with a pin!
No soil upon earth is so dear to our eyes
As the soil we first stirred in terrestrial pies.

19*th Pupil.* This he writes:

I was sitting with my microscope, upon my parlor rug,
With a very heavy quarto, and a very lively bug;
The true bug had been organized with only two antennæ,
But the humbug in the copperplate would have them twice as many.

20*th Pupil.* These are admired:

Strive with the wanderer from the better path,
Bearing thy message meekly, not in wrath;
Weep for the frail that err, the weak that fall,
Have thine own faith,—but hope and pray for all.

21*st Pupil.* These lines are from *The Last Leaf*—greatly admired by Mr. Lincoln.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

22*d Pupil.* To an insect he says:

I love to hear thine earnest voice,
Wherever thou art hid,
Thou testy little dogmatist,
Thou pretty Katydid.
Thou mindest me of gentle folks,—
Old gentle folks are they,—
Thou say'st an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way.

23*d Pupil.* In *The Dilemma* he says:

That is dearest, all the while,
That wears for us the sweetest smile.

24*th Pupil.* He also says:

Leave what you've done for what you have to do:
Don't be "consistent," but be simply true.
—*A Rhymed Lesson.*

25*th Pupil.* Also this:

Run if you like, but try to keep your breath;
Work like a man, but don't be worked to death;
And with new notions,—let me change the rule,—
Don't strike the iron till it's slightly cool.

26*th Pupil.* Also this:

As o'er the glacier's frozen sheet
Breathes soft the Alpine rose,
So, through life's desert springing sweet,
The flower of friendship grows.
—*A Song of Other Days.*

27*th Pupil.* Of pluck he says:

Be firm! one constant element in luck
Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck.
—*A Rhymed Lesson*

28*th Pupil.* He says:

How the wild swayings of our planets show
That worlds unseen surround the world we know.

29*th Pupil.* He writes:

Living, thou dost not live,
If mercy's spring run dry;
What heaven has lent thee wilt thou freely give,
Dying, thou shalt not die!

30*th Pupil.* And this:

One kindly deed may turn
The fountain of thy soul
To love's sweet day-star, that shall o'er thee burn
Long as its currents roll!

31*st Pupil.* And this:

The pleasures thou hast planned,—
Where shall their memory be
When the white angel, with the freezing hand,
Shall sit and watch by thee?

32nd Pupil. And this:

To guard is better than to heal,—
To shield is nobler than to share.

33rd Pupil. (*This may be quoted or sung by the entire number or by the school.*)

What flower is this that greets the morn,
Its hues from heaven so freshly born?
With burning star and flaming band
It kindles all the sunset land:
Oh, tell us what its name may be,—
Is this the Flower of Liberty?
It is the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty.

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Bird Day.

ARRANGED BY E. L. BENEDICT.

[A day in April or May is selected for Bird Day and duly prepared for. Stuffed birds should be borrowed and placed in conspicuous positions. Birds in cages may be brought in; feathers of various kinds should be artistically arranged. Some may have headdresses of feathers.]

Teacher. The poets have much to say about the pretty birds. Tell us what Mrs. Sangster says.

1st Pupil.

They'll come again to the apple tree,
Robin and all the rest,
When the orchard branches are fair to see
In the snows of the blossoms dressed,
And the prettiest thing in the world will be
The building of that nest.

Teacher. Tell us what Longfellow says.

2nd Pupil.

You call them thieves and pillagers; but know
They are the wingèd wardens of your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,
And from your harvest keep a hundred harms.

Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
Renders good service as your man-at-arms,
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

Teacher. Tell us what Byron says.

3rd Pupil.

A light broke in upon my soul,
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased—and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard.

Teacher. Tell us what Miss Mulock says.

4th Pupil.

I said to the brown, brown thrush,
"Hush—hush!
Through the wood's full strains I hear
Thy monotone deep and clear,
Like a sound amid sounds most fine."

Teacher. Tell us what James G. Clarke says.

5th Pupil.

But the whippoorwill wails on the moor,
And day has deserted the west;
The moon glimmers down through the river at my door,
And the robin has flown to her nest.

Teacher. Tell us what Mrs. Thaxter says.

6th Pupil.

Yellow-bird, where did you learn that song?
Perched on the trellis where grape vines clamber,
In and out fluttering all day long,
With your golden breast bedropping with amber.

Teacher. What is the legend about the robin-red-breast?

7th Pupil.

Bearing His cross, while Christ passed forth forlorn,
His God-like forehead by the mock crown torn,
A little bird took from that crown one thorn,
To sooth the dear Redeemer's throbbing head.
That bird did what she could; His blood, 'tis said,
Down dropping, dyed her tender bosom red.
Since then, no wanton boy disturbs her nest,
Weasel nor wild-cat will her young molest;
All sacred deem the bird of ruddy breast.

Teacher. What does Mr. Street say about the eagle?

8th Pupil.

An emblem of freedom, stern, haughty, and high,
Is the grey forest eagle, that king of the sky;
It scorns the bright scenes, the gay places of earth,
By the mountain and torrent it springs into birth;
There, rocked by the wild wind, baptized by the foam,
It is guarded and cherished, and there is its home.

Teacher. What does Tennyson say about the owl?

9th Pupil.

When the cats run home and the light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round,
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

Teacher. What does Shakespeare say about the nightingale?

10th Pupil.

The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

Teacher. What does Burke say about the lark?

11*th Pupil.*

Teach me, O lark! with thee to greatly rise,
T' exalt my soul and lift it to the skies;
To make each worldly joy as mean appear,
Unworthy care, when heavenly joys are near,

Teacher. What does Willis say about the pigeon?

12*th Pupil.*

'Tis a bird I love with its brooding note,
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;
There's a human look in its swelling breast,
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest;
And I often stop with the fear I feel,
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

Teacher. Miss Mulock has something about a canary bird.

13*th Pupil.*

Sing away, ay, sing away,
Merry little bird,
Always gayest of the gay,
Though a woodland roundelay
You ne'er sung or heard;
Though your life from youth to age
Passes in a narrow cage.

Teacher. Our own Bryant has a pretty poem about the bobolink. Repeat a verse.

14*th Pupil.*

Modest and shy as a nun is she,
One weak chirp is her only note;
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat.

T. —— may read us a story about a parrot.

Ungrateful Polly.—A parrot belonging to King Henry VIII. one day fell out of the palace at Westminster into the Thames, and, remembering a cry that

she had sometimes heard, called out, "A boat, a boat for twenty pounds." A boatman, hearing her cry, came to her rescue and took her to the king, claiming the reward Polly had offered. The king said he would give whatever sum Polly should now say. But when she was asked, she very ungratefully cried, "Give the knave a groat."

T. —— may read a story about a thoughtful duck.

Thoughtful Mr. Yellowbill.—Tommy has two pet ducks. They are very affectionate, and they sometimes play ball, Tommy throwing the ball, which Mr. Yellowbill runs or flies after, seizes and brings back to Tommy. One day Tommy was swinging on the gate when he felt a pull at his trousers. Looking around, he discovered Mr. Yellowbill, who he supposed wanted a game of ball. Tommy descended and began caressing his friend, but the duck kept pulling at him in such an unusually persistent way that Tommy decided to follow where he seemed to lead, and lo! at the corner of an outbuilding was poor Mrs. Yellowbill, so lame that she was quite unable to waddle. Her husband seemed greatly concerned, and yet showed his appreciation of help by bowing and bowing to those who now came to Mrs. Yellowbill's assistance. What caused the hurt could not be ascertained, but she soon recovered and her husband became as lively as ever.

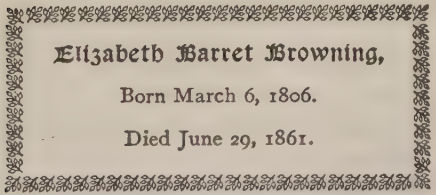
T. —— may read a story about a canary.

A Canary's Last Song.—One day a canary which I dearly prized, flew upon a book-case where some heavy volumes had been piled rather carelessly. While hopping about he accidentally overturned one, and the whole pile fell over on him. I heard the chirp of alarm, and hurried to the rescue to find that both of Goldy's legs were broken. Tenderly I lifted him and splintered the fractures the best I could, and for three days I

nursed him with but little hope. On the fifth day the bird, lying in cotton, was placed on my table—his old favorite spot. Presently there was a slight rustling of the wings; he seemed eager to get upon his feet, but, too wise to attempt it, he began warbling the saddest and most touching song he had ever sung. In a few minutes he was dead.

[To close, the entire school may sing a song about birds. These are found in "Favorite Songs," "Faithful Little Bird," "Birdie Sweet," "Birds are in the Woodland," "The Snow Bird," "The Little Bird."]

Browning Exercises.



[For suitably impressing the name of this gifted poetess in the memories of children the means suggested in the introduction to Bryant Day may be employed. The pupils may all come together on the stage or in sections. The teacher will make selections from her writings.]

1st Pupil. Elizabeth Barrett Browning was born at Hope End, near Ledbury, England, in 1809. "Her figure was slight and delicate, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face; large, tender eyes; and a smile like a sunbeam." In disposition she was shy, timid, and modest.

2nd Pupil. She received a very thorough education in philosophy, science, and the classics, giving especial attention to the Greek language and literature. It is said that she read in almost every language, and

that in the notes to some of her works were allusions to books which no young man of Oxford of her day had ever looked into. "Essay on Mind" was published in her seventeenth year, and a few years later a translation of the "Prometheus" of Æschylus.

3rd Pupil. She spent nearly eleven years in almost complete seclusion, suffering from ill health brought on by a rupture of a blood vessel in the lungs, and the tragic death, by drowning, of an elder brother, who had accompanied her to Torquay.

4th Pupil. During this time she was not idle, but devoted her time to hard study and writing. In 1838 she published "The Seraphim, and Other Poems," and later, "The Romaunt of the Page," "The Drama of Exile," and "Lady Geraldine's Courtship."

5th Pupil. An allusion in this latter to Mr. Robert Browning, led to an acquaintance with the celebrated poet. They were married in 1846. After her marriage the greater part of her life was spent in Italy, in whose welfare both Mr. and Mrs. Browning were intensely interested.

6th Pupil. Here were written the two celebrated poems, "Casa Guidi Windows," whose theme was the struggle made for freedom by the Tuscans in 1849, and "Aurora Leigh;" also many others. She had died at Casa Guidi, June 29, 1861.

7th Pupil. Mrs. Browning is generally acknowledged as England's greatest poetess. Her poems are characterized by their depth of feeling, true pathos, and noble sentiments.

WISDOM UNAPPLIED.

[A recitation by ten pupils; the last five should speak as if addressing the first five.]

1. If I were thou, O butterfly,
   And poised my purple wing to spy
   The sweetest flowers that live and die,

I would not waste my strength on those
As thou,—for summer has a close,
And pansies bloom not in the snows.

2. If I were thou, O working bee,
And all that honey-gold I see,
Could delve from roses easily,

I would not hive it at man's door,
As thou,—that heirdom of my store
Should make him rich, and leave me poor.

3. If I were thou, O eagle proud,
And screamed the thunder back aloud,
And faced the lightning from the cloud,

I would not build my eyrie throne,
As thou,—upon a crumbling stone,
Which the next storm may trample down.

4. If I were thou, O gallant steed,
With pawing hoof and dancing head,
And eye outrunning thine own speed,

I would not meeken to the rein,
As thou,—nor smooth my nostril plain
From the glad desert's snort and strain.

5. If I were thou, red-breasted bird,
With song at shut-up window heard
Like love's sweet eyes too long deferred,

I would not overstay delight,
As thou,—but take a swallow-flight,
Till the new spring returned to sight.

6. If I were *thou* who sing'st this song,
Most wise for others, and most strong
In seeing right while doing wrong,

I would not waste my cares and choose,
As *thou*,—to seek what thou must lose,
Such gains as perish in the use.

7. I would not work where none can win,
As thou,—half way, 'twixt grief and sin,
And look above and judge within.

8. I would not let my pulse beat high,
As *thou*,—towards fame's regality,
Nor yet in love's great jeopardy.

9. I would not champ the hard, cold bit,
As *thou*,—of what the world thinks fit,
But take God's freedom, using it.

10. I would not play earth's winter out,
As thou,—but gird my soul about,
And live for life past death and doubt.

Then sing, O singer! but allow,
Beast, fly, and bird, called foolish now,
Are wise (for all thy scorn) as thou.

Selected Quotations.

(for seven pupils.)

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if there any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this,—
"He giveth His beloved sleep!"

2. Speak low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet,
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so,
Who art not missed by any that entreat.

3. God did anoint thee with his odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign.

4. The least flower, with a brimming cup, may stand,
And share its dewdrops with another near.

5. God, set our feet low and our forehead high,
And show us how a man was made to walk.

6. The best men, doing their best,
Know, peradventure, least of what they do;
Men usefullest i' the world are simply used.

7. The nail that holds the wood must pierce it first,
And he alone who wields the hammer sees
The work advanced by the easiest blow.

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Debate About Strikes.

[Twelve or more pupils will take the stage, six on one side and six on the other.]

1st Pupil. One of the striking events of the present times is the *strike*, and we have met to discuss it. We may not throw any light on the situation but it is well to have the views of both sides. If I am wrong then you can see it and possibly make me see it, too. I think strikes are all right. Isn't this a free country? Didn't our fathers bleed and die to give us liberty? What is the use of liberty if we have to work for smaller wages than we want? I say we have a right to strike.

2nd Pupil. And I say strikes are wrong. It is true that I have a right to ask what wages I please, but I have no right to say what wages you shall work for. If I had, where would be your rights? Neither have I a right to destroy a man's property because he will not pay me as much as I ask. If I expect to have my rights I must not trample on the rights of others. I have a right to work for what wages I please. I do not object to high wages; no, I want just as much as

any one. What I object to is to have any one forbid my working for a dollar a day because he wants a dollar and a quarter. The point is here—shall a man forbid my working when and where for what I please? If this is allowed where is our boasted liberty? No, gentlemen, let us get as high wages as we can, but allow other men perfect freedom. This is especially the land of liberty; let us bear that in mind.

3rd Pupil. It is all very well to talk about letting other people work for what they please, but when you have to earn bread for three or four besides yourself, and two dollars a day will barely buy enough for all, and some other fellow who has no one to look after comes along and offers to work for a dollar and a-half, you feel as if he was interfering with your rights. I believe in liberty, too, but not liberty that is an injury to me. You see one man must give up his liberty if it isn't for the good of a great number. For example, suppose I am a carpenter, and that I can get $2 per day; and a man comes along and says he will work for $1.50; should I allow it? I don't think I should; and I think all should stop and the employer to pay full wages.

4th Pupil. Now I will admit that if I was in your place I should feel bad. But let us see how it would work. Here is A keeping a store and I go to him for a barrel of flour and he tells me it is $5. I tell him I can get it of B for $4.50 and start off for B's store. A follows with a club and prevents me from going in, and raps B over the head—that is, he *strikes;* he says he cannot make a sufficient profit by selling at $4.50 and he will not allow it to be done. Suppose one railroad would carry me for a dollar, should the other come and put obstructions on the track because they want me to pay $1.50?

5th Pupil. It is not wholly a question of liberty, it is a question of right. I have a right to enough to

enable me to live; and those who try to prevent this are wrong. It must be remembered that employers want to get work done as cheaply as possible. If we don't stand together the price of labor will go down; so that it is necessary at times to strike.

6th Pupil. We are losing sight of principles. The great question before us is as to a man's right to work for what he chooses. Now that will inconvenience some one, it is true. Take corn, or wheat or potatoes; the farmer has excellent crops, and he brings these to market and tells us the wheat costs him $1 per bushel to raise. Do we pay that? No, not if we can get it for 75 cents. He is not going to get what he wants for his labor. How would we like it if all the farmers about here would join and refuse to sell unless they got $2? And suppose they should stop people from elsewhere from coming in, who were willing to sell for $1.00?

7th Pupil. No, I'll admit we would not like that. But the case of labor is different.

8th Pupil. All products are founded on labor; the farmer is the hardest worked of all. If it would not be right for him to step in when you were getting a basket of peaches for 50 cents and drive you off and beat the seller for offering them—saying he could not afford to sell for less than 75 cents, and the other must not—neither is it right to apply the same treatment to other laborers.

9th Pupil. The employer wants to get his work done the cheapest and so makes slaves of his workmen; they must strike to keep from starving.

10th Pupil. That hardly seems to be true. I think that the great majority of the laborers try to do as little as possible. Strikes tend to make the employer think so. There never was a time when good workmen could do so well. Neither should be suspicious. The employer wants his workmen to do well.

11*th Pupil.* Don't you believe it! Every man who has work to be done is going to give it to the fellow that will work the cheapest. He doesn't trouble himself to see who does it the best. His workmen are nothing but machines in his estimation.

12*th Pupil.* There is where you are wrong. Every employer has need of men who are faithful and who have brains. It is to his interest to keep such men about him, and he would be glad to do it, but if he raises the wages of the one man who deserves it, all the others, who don't, make a great cry to have theirs raised. So a workman who has brains and is faithful is kept down by the host of others who are stupid and lazy.

13*th Pupil.* Well, but what can be done? There isn't work for all the people who want it, and if the employers were allowed to take those who would work the cheapest all would starve.

14*th Pupil.* There is no use of anybody's starving. The trouble is that everybody rushes into the cities that are already overcrowded. There isn't enough to eat because there isn't enough people left on the farms outside to raise the food for them. If those who are starving in the streets would go to the country and help plant corn and potatoes and cabbages they would have more than they needed to eat, and some to send to their friends in the city.

15*th Pupil.* Well, I know farmers who tell a different story. They say that farming is poor business; that they get so little for their crops that it doesn't pay them for the hard work they put upon them. They are anxious to sell their farms, but they cannot get any one to buy.

16*th Pupil.* Yes, I know such farmers; but they are poor ones. In the first place, they don't understand their business; they don't know how to use their ground so as to get the most out of it; and then they

are in too great a hurry to get rich. But one thing they always have—plenty to eat, a place to sleep, clothes enough to keep them comfortable, plenty of pure air and healthful exercise which gives them strong muscles and rosy cheeks. Oh! the life of a farmer for me. I'd manage to get some books and papers; I'd study to make my farm pay; I wouldn't be bothered about wages and strikes; I'd be my own master; I'd be getting all my rights without interfering with any one else.

17*th Pupil.* Oh, yes, that sounds very well, but you have to get your farm first. If you had one already paid for, why it would be easy enough; but one who hasn't a cent to start with has to work a long time for wages, and never spend a cent, except for coarse shirts and overalls, if he ever expects to get enough to buy a farm.

18*th Pupil.* Wait a minute. I know something about farming. A man who can earn fair wages on a farm can save enough in about three or four years to buy him a team and farming utensils, and then he can take land on shares. Then he can plan his work as he pleases and study to make the biggest profit. He need not live miserly to do this, but he must not waste his money nor his strength in tobacco and liquor and such things. But if anybody has not the patience to begin low down and work up slowly, let him take the advice of Horace Greeley, and "Go west." Uncle Sam will give him land there for the asking, and then the question of labor and capital need never trouble him any more.

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The Flower Queen.

[This can be made quite scenic by having flowers made of paper as near like those named as possible. Here we may say that a collection of flowers should be made and kept on hand; they can be used again and again. First a chair is placed on the stage and a young girl—10 or 12 years old—enters with a suitable dress; she is accompanied by two waiting-maids (smaller). She stands and speaks]:

Queen. To-day my subjects are to bring me presents of flowers. Oh! how I love the flowers.

1st Maid. I think I hear them coming.

2nd Maid. Yes, your majesty, there comes *Buttercups.* (*Queen sits.*)

[Each child enters carrying a bunch of flowers; she pauses at the side of the queen, faces the audience, and repeats her quotation; then curtsys to the queen, puts the flowers in her lap, passes to the other side and stands beside the waiting-maid; as the others come in they follow this plan; they arrange themselves scenically behind the queen's chair, the tallest in the rear. The queen, as each is laid in her lap, bows gracefully and says: "Beautiful," "How lovely," etc. The order of the flowers can be suited to the ideas of the teacher.]

Mayflower.

The shy little mayflower weaves her nest,
But the south wind sighs o'er the fragrant loam
And betrays the path to her woodland home.

—Sarah Helen Whitman.

Bluebell.

Oh! roses and lilies are fair to see,
But the wild bluebell is the flower for me.

—Louisa A. Meredith.

Buttercups.

The buttercups, bright-eyed and bold,
Hold up their chalices of gold
To catch the sunshine and the dew.

—Julia C. R. Dorr.

Clematis.

Where the woodland streamlets flow,
Gushing [illegible] a rocky bed,
Where [illegible]eled alders grow,
Lightly [illegible]eeting overhead,
When the fullest August days
Give the richness that they know,
Then the wild clematis comes,
With her wealth of tangled blooms,
Reaching up and drooping low.

—Dora Read Goodale.

Clover (*red*).

Crimson clover I discover
By the garden gate,
And the bees about her hover,
But the robins wait.
Sing, robins, sing,
Sing a roundelay,
'Tis the latest flower of spring
Coming with the May!

—Dora Read Goodale.

Clover (*white*).

The cricket pipes his song again,
The cows are waiting in the lane,
The shadows fall adown the hill,
And silent is the whippoorwill;
But through the summer twilight still
You smell the milk-white clover.

—Dora Read Goodale.

Cowslips.

The cowslips tall her pensioners be,
In their gold coats, spots you see;
These be rubies, fairy favors,
In their freckles live their savors.

—Shakespeare.

Daffodil.

Daffy-down-dilly came up in the cold,
Through the brown mould,

Although the March breezes blew keen in her face,
Although the white snow lay on many a place.
—Miss Warner.

Daisy.

We bring daisies, little starry daisies,
The angels have planted to remind us of the sky,
When the stars have vanished they twinkle their mute praises,
Telling, in the dewy grass, of brighter fields on high.
—Read.

Dandelion.

Dainty little dandelions,
Smiling on the lawn,
Sleeping through the dewy night,
Waking with the dawn.
Pretty little dandelions,
Sleeping in the glen,
When another year returns,
They will come again.
—"*Songs for Little Singers.*"

Forget-me-not.

When to the flowers so beautiful
The Father gave the name,
Back came a little blue-eyed one,
(All timidly she came,)
And standing at her Father's feet,
And gazing in His face,
She said in low and trembling tones:
"Dear God, the name Thou gavest me,
Alas! I have forgot."
Kindly the Father looked Him down,
And said, "Forget-Me-Not."

Harebell.

I love the fair lilies and roses so gay,
They are rich in their pride and their splendor;
But still more do I love to wander away

To the meadows so sweet,
There down at my feet,
The harebell blooms modest and tender.
—Dora Read Goodale.

Honeysuckle.

Honeysuckle loves to crawl
Up to the low crag and ruined wall.
—Scott.

The honeysuckle round the porch
Has woven its wavy bowers.
—Tennyson.

Ivy.

Oh, a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.
—Charles Dickens.

Jessamine.

Out in the lonely woods the jessamine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons.
—Henry Timrod.

Lichen.

Little lichen, fondly clinging
In the wildwood to the tree,
Covering all unseemly places,
Hiding all thy tender graces,
Ever dwelling in the shade,
Never seeing sunny glade.
—R. M. E.

Lily (white).

The stately lilies stand
Fair in the silvery light,
Like saintly vestals, pale in prayer,

Their pure breath sanctifies the air,
As its fragrance fills the night.
—Julia C. R. Dorr.

Lily (*red or meadow*).

Clustered lilies in the shadows,
Lapt in golden ease they stand,
Rarest flower in all the meadows,
Richest flower in all the land,
Royal lilies in the sunlight,
Brave with summer's fair array,
Drowsy through the evening silence,
Crown of all the August day.
—Dora Read Goodale.

Orchid.

In the marsh, pink orchids' faces,
With their coy and dainty graces,
Lure us to their hiding places,
Laugh, O murmuring spring!
—Sarah F. Davis.

Pansy.

Of all the bonny buds that blow
In bright or cloudy weather,
Of all the flowers that come and go,
The whole twelve moons together,
The little purple pansy brings
The sweetest thoughts of pleasant things.
—Mary E. Bradley.

Primrose.

'Tis the first primrose! see how meek,
Yet beautiful it looks,
As just a lesson it may speak
As that which is in books.
—W. L. Bowles.

Rose.

How fair is the rose! what a beautiful flower,
The glory of April and May!

But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.
—Isaac Watts.

Strawberry.

When the fields are wet with clover,
And the woods are glad with song,
When the brooks are running over,
And the days are bright and long,
Then from every nook and bower,
Peeps the dainty strawberry flower.
—Dora Read Goodale.

Sunflower.

O, sunflower, what is the secret thing
You hide in your inmost heart,
When you turn to the sun like a slave to a king,
With all your leaves apart?

You hide your secret, day in, day out,
But you eagerly watch your king,
And some hot noon you will speak with a shout,
And tell us that secret thing.

Tulip.

'Mid the sharp, short emerald wheat,
Scarce risen three fingers well,
The wild tulip at end of its tube
Blows out its great red bell,
Like a thin clear bubble of blood,
For the children to pick and sell.
—Robert Browning.

Violets.

Hath the pearl less whiteness
Because of its birth?
Hath the violet less brightness
For growing near the earth?
—Moore

Wind-flower (*anemone*).

The starry, fragile wind-flower,
Poised above in airy grace,
Virgin white, suffused with blushes,
Shyly droops her lovely face.

—ELAINE GOODALE.

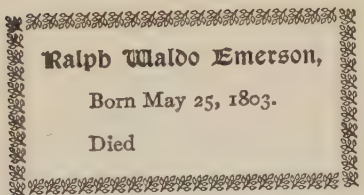
[*The presentation being concluded, there is a horn blown outside. The queen rises.* QUEEN. That is the signal that the King's chariot is awaiting us. I thank you for these tokens of your love. *She gives them to the waiting-maids who have baskets, and starts slowly towards the door. The subjects now join in a song* (*to tune "Lightly Row"*) *and follow two by two.*]

CLOSING SONG.

Lovely flowers, lovely flowers,
All about this world of ours;
Every where, every where,
They are growing fair.
Sparkles now the sunny dale,
Fragrant is the flowery vale,
Oh! how fair, oh! how fair
Flowers every where.

Flowers sought, flowers brought,
We have charming beauties caught;
Come and see, come and see,
Said the flowers to me.
We have brought them to our queen,
We have had a pleasing scene,
Now away, now away,
No longer can we stay.

Emerson Exercises.



[The suggestions made concerning the exercises for Bryant's Day will guide in these exercises. Around the margin fasten sprigs of hemlock or other evergreens. Have nails suitably driven and rehearse the operation of hanging until it can be done properly. Prepare a programme and write it on the blackboard. When the time has arrived give a signal for silence. If the teacher has a portrait of Emerson it can be exhibited.]

1. HANGING OF THE TABLET.—Two pupils will advance and bow to the audience, and then take up the tablet and hang it.

One of the pupils will turn to the audience and pointing to the tablet say:—

"Thou wert the morning star among the living,
Ere thy light had fled:
Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving
New splendor to the dead."

2nd Pupil. Ralph Waldo Emerson was descended from seven generations of clergymen. He was educated at Harvard, taught in Chelmsford and Cambridge while studying divinity. He was a Unitarian minister from 1826 to 1833, when he withdrew from the ministry and devoted himself to lecturing and literature. He made two visits to Europe—1833 and 1847—and some of his impressions appear in "English Traits." He pub-

lished also several books. In 1834 he took up his residence in Concord, where he lived the remainder of his life.

Teacher. Many eminent men have spoken in high praise of Emerson.

3rd Pupil. John Burroughs said: "When I think of Emerson I think of him as a man, not as an author; it was his rare and charming personality that healed us and kindled our love. When he died, it was not as a sweet singer, like Longfellow, who had gone silent, but something precious and paternal had departed out of nature; a voice of hope, and courage, and inspiration to all noble endeavor, had ceased to speak."

4th Pupil. E. P. Whipple said: "Emerson's voice had a strange power which affected me more than any other voice I ever heard on the stage or on the platform."

5th Pupil. George William Curtis said: "A youth, fascinated by his graciousness of manner, declared that Emerson greeted the most ordinary person like a king of Spain receiving an embassador from the great Mogul. The expectancy of his manner implied that every man had some message to deliver and he bent himself to hear."

6th Pupil. Edmund Clarence Stedman said: "In certain respects he was our most typical poet, having the finest intuition, and a living faith in it. He began where many poets end, seeking at once the upper air, the region of pure thought and ideality."

7th Pupil. Matthew Arnold said: "As Wordsworth's poetry is, in my judgment, the most important work done in verse in our language during this century, so Emerson's Essays are the most important work done in prose."

8th Pupil. James Russell Lowell said: "There is no man living to whom, as a writer, so many of us feel and thankfully acknowledge so great an indebtedness

for ennobling impulses. We look upon him as one of the few men of genius whom our age has produced."

Teacher. Mr. Emerson had much to say about nature; he was a great lover of nature; give us a quotation.

9th Pupil. "In this refulgent summer it has been a luxury to draw the breath of life. The grass grows, the buds burst, the meadow is spotted with fire and gold in the tint of flowers. The air is full of birds, and sweet with the breath of the pine, the balm of Gilead, and the new hay. Night brings no gloom to the heart with its welcome shade. Through the transparent darkness the stars pour their almost spiritual rays."

Teacher. He advocates independence of thought.

10th Pupil. "Be content with a little light, so it be your own. Explore and explore. Be neither chided nor flattered out of your position of perpetual inquiry. Neither dogmatize nor accept another's dogmatism. Why should you renounce your right to traverse starlit deserts of truth, for the premature comfort of an acre, house, and barn? Truth also has its roof, and bed and board." —*Literary Ethics.*

Teacher. He speaks much of our country.

11th Pupil. "Let us live in America, too thankful for our want of feudal institutions. Our houses and towns are like mosses and lichens, so slight and new, but youth is a fault of which we shall daily mend. This land, too, is old as the Flood, and wants no ornament or privilege which nature could bestow. Here stars, here woods, here hills, here animals, here men abound, and the vast tendencies concur of a new order. If only the men are employed in conspiring with the designs of the Spirit who led us hither, and is leading us still, we shall quickly enough advance out of all hearing of others' censure, out of all regrets of our own, into a new and more excellent social state than history has recorded." —*The Young American.*

Teacher. He speaks of the value of courtesy.

12*th Pupil.* "The whole of heraldry and of chivalry is in courtesy. A man of fine manners shall pronounce your name with all the ornaments that titles of nobility could ever add." —*History.*

Teacher. He writes also of consistency.

13*th Pupil.* "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen, and philosophers, and divines. With consistency, a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Speak what you think now in hard words, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks, in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day."

—*Self-reliance.*

Teacher. He writes of our being read and known by others.

14*th Pupil.* "A man cannot speak but he judges himself. With his will, or against his will, he draws his portrait to the eye of his companion by every word. Every opinion reacts on him who utters it."

—*Compensation.*

Teacher. He writes beautifully of friendship.

15*th Pupil.* "The end of friendship is a commerce the most strict and homely that can be joined; more strict than any of which we have experience. It is for aid and comfort through all the relations and passages of life and death. It is fit for serene days, and graceful gifts, and country rambles, but also for rough roads and hard fare, shipwreck, poverty, and persecution." —*Friendship.*

Teacher. He was remarkable in saying much in a short sentence. Here are two examples.

16*th Pupil.* "Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm." —*Circles.*

17*th Pupil.* "The hand can never execute anything higher than the character can inspire." —*Art.*

Teacher. He was a firm believer in character.

18*th Pupil.* "We can drive a stone upward, for a moment, into the air, but it is yet true that all stones will forever fall; and whatever instances can be quoted of unpunished theft, or of a lie which somebody credited, justice must prevail, and it is the privilege of truth to be believed." —*Character.*

Teacher. He wrote of poetry.

19*th Pupil.* "The poet made all the words, and, therefore, language is the archives of history, and, if we must say it, a sort of tomb of the muses. For, though the origin of most of our words is forgotten, each word was at first a stroke of genius, and obtained currency because, for the moment, it symbolized the world to the first speaker and the hearer. The etymologist finds the deadest word to have been once a brilliant picture." —*The Poet.*

Teacher. He wrote of health.

20*th Pupil.* "The first wealth is health. Sickness is poor-spirited, and cannot serve any one; it must husband its resources to live. But health or fulness answers its own ends, and has to spare, runs over, and inundates the neighborhoods and creeks of other men's necessities." —*Power.*

Teacher. He wrote some very strong poetry. These four lines have been much admired. They are posted up in the hall of Marlborough College, England.

21*st Pupil.*

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, '*Thou must,*'
The youth replies: '*I can.*'"

—*Voluntaries.*

Teacher. He speaks of decision.

22*nd Pupil.* "Many men are knowing, many are apprehensive and tenacious, but they do not rush to a decision. But, in our flowing affairs, a decision

must be made—the best, if you can; but any is better than none. There are twenty ways of going to a point, and one is shortest; but set out at once on one. A man who has that presence of mind which can bring to him, on the instant, all he knows, is worth, for action, a dozen men who know as much, but can only bring it to light slowly." —*Power.*

Teacher. He speaks of power.

23*d Pupil.* "Power dwells with cheerfulness; hope puts us in a working mood, whilst despair is no muse, and untunes the active powers. A man should make life and nature happier to us, or he had better never been born. When the political economist reckons up the unproductive classes, he should put at the head this class, pitiers of themselves, cravers of sympathy, bewailing imaginary disaster."

—*Considerations by the Way.*

Teacher. He advises availing of the powers of the universe. This quotation has been much admired.

24*th Pupil.* "Now that is the wisdom of a man, in every instance of his labor, to *hitch his wagon to a star*, and see his chore done by the gods themselves. That is the way we are strong, by borrowing the might of the elements. The forces of steam, gravity, galvanism, light, magnets, wind, fire, serve us day by day, and cost us nothing. HITCH YOUR WAGON TO A STAR." —*Civilization.*

Teacher. He greatly valued books.

25*th Pupil.* "Consider what you have in the smallest chosen library. A company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all civil countries in a thousand years, have set in best order the results of their learning and wisdom. The men themselves were hid and inaccessible, solitary, impatient of interruption, fenced by etiquette; but the thought which they did not uncover to their bosom friend is here

written out in transparent words to us, the strangers of another age." —*Books.*

26th Pupil. "Be sure, then, to read no mean books. Shun the spawn of the press on the gossip of the hour. Do not read what you shall learn, without asking, in the street and the train. If you should transfer the amount of your reading, day by day, from the newspaper to the standard authors—but who dare speak of such a thing?" —*Books.*

27th Pupil. "What is really best in any book is translatable—any real insight or broad human sentiment. I rarely read any Latin, Greek, German, Italian, sometimes not a French book in the original, which I can procure in a good version. I like to be beholden to the great metropolitan English speech, the sea which receives tributaries from every region under heaven. I should as soon think of swimming across Charles river when I wish to go to Boston, as of reading all my books in originals when I have them rendered for me in my mother-tongue." —*Books.*

Teacher. This quotation has been greatly admired.

28th Pupil.

"The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew—
The conscious stone to beauty grew."
—*The Problem.*

Teacher. Also this one.

29th Pupil.

"The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
The word, by seers or sibyls told,
In groves of oak or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.

One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost."

—*The Problem.*

Teacher. His poem on the "Battle of Lexington" will now be sung.

(*Any long-meter tune will suit the words.*)

By the rude bridge that spans the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream that seaward creeps.

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Christmas Celebration.

[A curtain, covered frame, or partition of some sort should be stretched at one end of the room, with an opening to represent a very large old-fashioned fire-place; on each side of this should be hung a large cloth stocking. Back of the opening should be another black curtain, to make it look dark like a chimney. If possible get a goat, two if possible; otherwise a big dog may answer. Use these to draw in Santa Claus through the fire-place in a small wagon, filled with the presents, and as gaily decorated as possible. Santa Claus will have to come in at the side, but let the bells be jingled from *above*, and have him drive in with all possible *dash*, bells jingling and whip cracking, so as to give an appearance of coming *down* the chimney. All this is only by way of suggestion. Add everything to increase the realistic appearance and effect. Let the stockings be large enough to hold *something* for *everybody*, if only a stick of candy. Let the parts be rehearsed, not in the presence of the company, so it will be a surprise to them. The singing may be rehearsed separately. If possible have parents as well as pupils present.]

(*A number of children come on the stage singing brightly, cheerfully, a Christmas hymn; one of the older ones says*):

Yes, it was nineteen hundred and ——— years ago, as all of you know, that Jesus came on earth. He was God's first and best Christmas present to the world; then Jesus gave his friends Christmas presents of happiness, and his enemies, too—he gave the best any one can give—his love and his life. That was how Christmas first came into fashion, and it was such a good one—this fashion of giving, giving, giving—that it has gone on ever since; so once a year, on Jesus' birthday, we come together and give each other presents, just to show that we haven't forgotten that good example.

Now to-night we are expecting Santa Claus here, about this time, and I think he must be on the way this minute. Listen! (*Sleigh-bells heard faintly in the distance.*) Yes, he is coming. But I think there is time before he gets here for Lucy to tell us about that stocking she has in her hand.

Lucy.

THE BABY'S STOCKING.

Hang up the baby's stocking,
Be sure you don't forget.
The dear little dimpling darling
Has never seen Christmas yet.

But I told him all about it
And he opened his big blue eyes;
I am sure he understood it,
He looked so funny and wise.

Ah, what a tiny stocking!
It doesn't take much to hold
Such little toes as baby's
Safe from the frost and cold.

But then, for the baby's Christmas,
It will never do at all;

For Santa Claus would not be looking
For anything half so small.

I know what will do for baby;
I've thought of a first-rate plan;
I've borrowed a stocking of grandma,
The longest that ever I can.

And here it shall be hung by mine,
Right here in the corner—so,
And I'll write a letter for baby,
And fasten it on the toe;

(*Suits the action to the words. Bells are again heard, a little nearer.*)

God bless the little stockings
All over the land to-night,
Hung in the choicest corners,
In the glow of crimson light!

The tiny, scarlet stocking,
With a hole in the heel and toe,
Worn by wonderful journeys
The darlings have to go;

The stockings of all sizes
And patterns, great and small,
With many glad surprises—
I pray God bless them all!

(*Bells heard very near.*)

Older Pupil. Here comes Santa Claus! Let's prepare for him.

(*Bells jingling and whip cracking in the chimney, and Santa Claus rides in; the pupils scatter and partly hide.*)

S. C. Whoop la! Whoa! Stand still there! Wish all a Merry Christmas! Well, well! Stockings, stockings, stockings everywhere! This must be a hosiery

store. I believe I have made a mistake and got into Smith, Jones & Co.'s. (*Mention some well-known firm that deals in hosiery.*) Whoa there! Stand still! (*Lucy peeps.*) Hullo! hullo! I don't let people see me.

Lucy.

Old Santa Claus, this is a stocking
Hung up for our baby dear;
You never have seen our darling;
He has not been with us a year.

But he is a beautiful baby!
And now, before you go,
Please cram this stocking with presents
From the top of it down to the toe.

S. C. Oh, to be sure. Trust me! I always look out for the babies. (*Appears to fill the baby's stocking and some of the others.*) But bless me! Who have we here?

Jennie (*a little girl with night-gown over her dress steps up and takes Santa Claus by the sleeve*).

'Sh—I've got out of bed, just a minute,
To tell you—I'll whisper it low—
The stockings I've hung by the fire

(*Points to the particular stockings.*)

Are for me—not mamma, you know,

For mine are so awfully little,
Dear Santa Claus, don't you see?
And I want, oh! so many playthings,
They won't hold enough for me.

So I want you to surely remember,
And fill these as full as you can;
'Cause I haven't been very naughty,
And—you're such a nice, kind man!

S. C. Of course I will. But how you are all after me, to be sure! 'Sh! Whoa, I tell yer! Stand still! I've got ever so many other places to go to to-night, and my fiery steeds are getting restless, you see. (*If they don't happen to be restless, it will make the remark seem all the more comical.*) So I must hurry up and be off. (*Appears to fill up the stockings—including the two big ones—while he is talking. Then jumps into the wagon and drives off through the chimney-place.*) Good-bye till next Christmas!

All (*rushing out*). Good-bye, Santa Claus! Merry Christmas! Come again! (*Bells and cracking of whip heard growing farther and farther away.*)

Older Pupil. Now we will see what Santa Claus has left us. (*Distributes presents from the stockings; these should be labeled and remarks made, for example*): "Solomon Reed, is he here?" (*Several act as messengers.*) "Well, here is something for you." (*Of course there can be bags with presents not brought in by Santa Claus which can be opened so that all will have something—it will be done quickly. With a pencil names can be put on the labels of those who accidentally may have been overlooked. The distributor should stand on a box or chair, and act like an auctioneer, cracking jokes, if possible. When all have been distributed the leader says: "Now one more song and then we stop," and then strikes up "America."*)

Tree-planting Exercises.

[The exercises usually begin at the school-house. First, some remarks by the teacher on the importance of trees; then follow remarks by some of the guests, the superintendent, the clergyman; these must be *short*. Then follow selections from the poets, or essays by pupils, interspersed with music. There are many very beautiful songs about trees.]

Teacher. The poets have written much about the trees. They greatly love them. What has Southey said?

1st Pupil.

THE HOLLY TREE.

O! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly tree?

. . . . .

All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
'Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And as when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The holly leaves a sober hue display
Less bright than they;
But where the bare and wintry woods we see
What, then, so cheerful as the holly tree?
So would I seem amid the young and gay
More grave than they!
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the holly tree

Teacher. What has Dyer said?

2nd Pupil.

THE TREES.

Behold the trees unnumbered rise,
Beautiful in various dyes;

The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sombre yew,
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak, with broad-spread boughs.

Teacher. What has Dryden said?

3rd Pupil.

The birch, the myrtle, and the bay
Like friends did all embrace;
And their large branches did display
To canopy the place.

Teacher. What has Hood said?

4th Pupil.

I remember, I remember,
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.

Teacher. Has anything been said against the cutting down of trees?

THE PLEA OF THE TREES—A MEDLEY.

5th Pupil.

And now in the forest the woodman doth stand,
His eye marks the victim to fall by his hand,
And all the trees shiver and tremble for fear.
Hark! they plead for their lives! Will the woodcutter hear

Teacher. What is the voice of the oak?

6th Pupil.

I am a monarch, the king of the trees,
Calmly I rise, and spread by slow degrees;
Three centuries I grow; and three I stay
Supreme in state; and in three more decay.

—DRYDEN

Teacher. Of the maple?

7th Pupil.

come this way
On a hot July day,

If my worth you would know;
For wide and deep
Is the shade I keep,
Where cooling breezes blow.

—E. L. B.

Teacher. Of the hemlock?
8th Pupil.

I shake the snow on the ground below,
Where the flowers safely sleep;
And all night long, though winds blow strong,
A careful watch I keep.

—E. L. B.

Teacher. Of the elm?
9th Pupil.

Each morning when thy waking eyes first see,
Through the wreathed lattice, golden day appear,
Here sits the robin, on this old elm tree,
And with such stirring music fills thy ear,
Thou mightst forget that life had pain or fear,
And feel again as thou wast wont to do
When hope was young, and joy and life itself were new.

—Anna Maria Wells.

Teacher. Of the hickory?
10th Pupil.

When the autumn comes its round
Rich, sweet walnuts will be found
Covering thickly all the ground
Where my boughs are spread.
Ask the boys that visit me,
Full of happiness and glee,
If they'd mourn the hickory tree
Were it felled and dead.

E. L. B.

Teacher. Of the palm?
11th Pupil.

The loveliest
Amid a thousand strange and lovely shapes
We stand serene, and with our nut supply

Beverage and food; we edge the shore and crown
The far-off highland summits, our straight stems,
Bare, without leaf or bough, erect and smooth,
Our tresses crowning like a crested helm
The plumage of the grove.

Teacher. Of the beech?

12th Pupil.

Oh, leave this barren spot to me!
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!
Thrice twenty summers I have seen
The sky grow bright, the forest green;
And many a wintry wind have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,
Since childhood in my pleasant bower
First spent its sweet and sportive hour.
And on my trunk's surviving frame
Carved many a long-forgotten name.

. . . . . ,

As love's own altar honor me;
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!

—CAMPBELL.

Teacher. Of the willow?

13th Pupil.

Listen! in my breezy moan
You can hear an undertone;
Through my leaves come whispering low
Faint, sweet sounds of long ago.

Many a mournful tale of woe
Heart-sick man to me has told;
Gathering from my golden bough
Leaves to cool his burning brow.

Many a swan-like song to me
Hath been chanted mournfully;
Many a lute its last lament
Down my moonlight stream hath sent.

—*Adapted from* MRS. HEMANS.

Teacher. What does Longfellow say about the forest?

14th Pupil.

THE PRIMEVAL FOREST.

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, and with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of of the forest.

[When these are finished the pupils form in a procession and march to the spot where the tree is to be planted. The hole should have been prepared and all things ready. Gathering around, a song is sung. Then all recite in unison the following lines]:

All ye woods, and trees, and bow'rs,
All ye virtues, and ye powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilst we greet
On this ground.

[Next, the pupils who are to plant the tree take it and set it in its place. Another steps forward and says]:

15th Pupil. We plant this tree to help make the earth beautiful. When God made the earth he planted trees on it, some for fruit and some for beauty. When we are away from this spot this tree will grow, and spread its branches, and be an object of happiness. Let us do things daily like this; trying our best to make earth more beautiful.

16th Pupil.

SCATTER THE GERMS OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful!
By the wayside let them fall,
Let the rose upspring by the cottage gate,
And the vine on the garden wall.
Cover the rough and the rude of earth
With a veil of leaves and flow'rs,
And mark with the opening bud and cup,
The march of summer hours.

The Excelsior Club.

[This may make part of the Closing Exercises, or of the exercises on any important occasion; it can be lengthened by adding more members; an outline only is given. The platform will be vacant and several young men or older boys enter; there will be a table and books. The boys talk in a general way for a few moments, when the "President" enters. Several say, "the President has come."]

Pres. Please come to order. The subject before us is "The Value of an Ability to Write or Compose Readily." You will please proceed in order and with promptness.

No. 1. Writing and composing are both the same; composing means placing thoughts together so as to express meaning by them intelligently.

No. 2. The word composition comes from the Latin, *compositio—con*, together, and *ponere*, to place. It therefore means the placing of thoughts together. Some can get out thoughts, but they are not linked together. They are disjointed. A collection of thoughts may be a mosaic, but not a composition.

No. 3. I think that is a proper distinction. What seems remarkable to me is the difference that appears between writers on the same subject. One man thinks quite a different set of thoughts.

No. 4. That arises from his education and reading,

I suppose; and then a man at a later day expresses himself quite differently from what he once did.

No. 5. Arrangement of ideas or thoughts is of the greatest importance. They must not be thrown together in an indiscriminate manner, but grouped in such a way as to bring out the meaning intended to be conveyed. The words must not be crowded together, or loosely connected. Order is essential to good composition.

No. 6. Mr. President, I have been told that writing has two rules; first, have something to say, and second, say it. It seems to me that the young writer has difficulty because he does not have something to say. Is it easier to say than to think? I should like your opinion on that point.

Pres. It is not possible to say which is the easier of the two. In my judgment the two go together. You learn a fact and think about it and write about it, and so you go on; you learn to write by writing and you learn to think by writing, too. But with all writers there must be a special effort to acquire material for thought. My plan has been to read about the subject and then after due thought, to write.

No. 7. That shows the importance of reading good books; there are so many that are of no service and so many that imagine that solid books only should be chosen. This does not mean sermons or prosy things, but the real gold, instead of the base metal. Books are our best helps to thought; they make us "heirs to the spiritual life of all the ages." If a writer reads shallow books he will think and write in a shallow manner.

No. 8. Mr. President, the great difficulty is to originate anything new. I think I can say something that may be of value to the club on that subject.

Several. We shall like to have you.

No. 8. I follow this plan. I take up a subject and

read about it. Suppose it to be "Columbus." I get all I can from books. Then I begin to think about him. Of course there is now a mingled mass of thought about Columbus in my mind, but I think and think about his life, his hardships, his rebuffs, his sailing, his discoveries, and his return; the shower of honors, his further efforts, and his imprisonment. I thus realize somewhat the kind of man he was. I feel interested in him and I determine to write about him. I sit down and analyze my thoughts; first, those about his youth; second, those about his efforts to start out expeditions; third, his sailing and discovery; fourth, his ill-treatment. Then taking one subject at a time, I write what I can on each.

Pres. That is very well stated. To write takes one out of the receptive state into which he passes if he only reads. There is receiving and creating. Now one who writes is in the way of creating. To refer to the subject of Columbus. The creative mind goes back to the time in which Columbus lived, and builds up the circumstances and the people that surrounded him; he sees him walking about explaining his theory, he sees him start on the voyage, he sees him discover the new world. The receptive mind merely gathers in the facts; the creative mind builds with them.

No. 9. It would be a great gratification if I could learn to avoid being merely receptive—that is my fault. Cannot some one tell us?

No. 10. I will try to answer that inquiry. We must accustom ourselves to look into the very bottom of the subject and not on the surface. We are not to take anything for granted because some one says so. We must ask how? why? at every step. Besides, we must study nature, art, and poetry, for these are creative in themselves.

No. 3. I do not see, Mr. President, that any one has said anything about expression. If we are to have

thoughts and then express them it is important that we know how to express our thoughts. I find more difficulty in putting my thoughts into a good shape than in having them; in fact after I write I cut out half of what I have put down. So you see I have no lack in that direction. But I find my thoughts are sadly mixed up; the composition lacks force for that reason.

No. 8. Expression and style are about the same. A person must strive to have a good style. In good authors the style seems to be so natural that we do not notice it at all; they seem to write without any trouble, but it is because they have thought much. A person may write hastily, but he does not think hastily. A good and natural style comes only from long and careful practice. A great writer says: "Your work is not finished when you have brought the ore from the mine; it must be sifted, smelted, refined, and coined before it can be of any real use and contribute to the intellectual food of mankind."

Pres. Speaking of expression, that is not a good style that uses worn-out phrases and epitaphs such as "sable night," "gloomy shades," "verdant fields," "road to ruin," etc. These betray poverty of expression; to avoid them is an imperative rule. They are usually employed by young and inexperienced writers for the press. In a country paper I saw a description of a fire and it was called "the devouring element." No one can have a good style who does not resolutely call a spade a spade. When he calls it "a horticultural implement" he may be sure his expression is very faulty.

No. 7. Mr. President, I move that we adjourn.

Pres. Before we do so we should hear the report of the committee on subjects. Is the committee ready to report?

No. 5. As chairman of that committee I will report

this subject: "What Is the Chief Value of a Study of History?"

No. 7. I now renew my motion to adjourn.

Pres. The motion is made; all in its favor say "Aye." The Excelsior Club stands adjourned. (*They rise, sing, and during chorus begin to go out.*)

Tune, Auld Lang Syne.

And now the parting time has come
For our old club again;
We've met, we've talked, we've wisdom gained,
And now we separate.

Of old times here, my friends,
Of old times here,
We'll think with joy in future years,
Of old times here.

A Court Scene: Haw *vs.* Hum.

[The platform should be vacant and some persons saunter in with hats on; then the clerk, the lawyers with books. Then a noise is heard and the clerk calls out: "Hats off; his Honor, Judge Story." All rise and take off hats. The judge should have a wig of white hair and if possible a gown (a water-proof will answer.) He must be very dignified; sits behind a small table on the side of the platform and a lawyer at right and left, clerk in front. The speakers must face the audience.]

Judge. Call the next case, Mr. Clerk!

Clerk. Haw *versus* Hum.

Plaintiff's Attorney. Your Honor (*turning to spectators*): This is an action to recover damages for the destruction of six fine white linen shirts, five hemstitch handkerchiefs, and four pairs of extra balbriggan socks formerly belonging to our respected townsman, Mr. Nathan Haw; but wilfully destroyed and devoured, with malice prepense, by a vicious goat; said animal being the property of one Ephraim Hum,

whose back yard adjoins the premises of said Haw. The plaintiff therefore demands reparation in the sum of fifty dollars for damages sustained, and consequent anxiety and loss of sleep; and prays the judgment of this court.

Defendant's Attorney. Your Honor; Ladies and Gentlemen of the Jury: The opposing counsel has not stated the case in its real aspect. The fact of the matter is that the plaintiff neglected to properly secure the line upon which the garments were hung, and it consequently was blown over into the defendant's yard, where it was eaten by said goat, to his own exceeding detriment and distress; so much so that death finally supervened; whereby the defendant, our revered fellow-citizen, Mr. Ephraim Hum, sustains damages in the sum of seventy-five dollars, the goat being a valuable animal, and not vicious as stated by counsel for said Haw. Therefore we confidently appeal to this eminent jurisdiction for a favorable judgment.

J. Let the plaintiff call his witnesses.

C. Mr. Solomon Wintergreen! (*Wintergreen comes forward to the witness stand. He should have his arm in a sling, a handkerchief round his head and over one eye, and should limp with a cane. The clerk repeats the following formula very rapidly in one breath.*)

C. You — do—hereby— and—hereon—toothem—toothem—toothem—hobblum—hobblum—bob!

Wintergreen (*raising his cane*). I do.

J. What is gour business?

W. I am a dentist.

J. Perhaps that is why you look so down in the mouth. I hope you attend well to your profession.

W. I give great pains to it.

J. What do you know of this case?

W. I know the goat.

J. Are you intimately acquainted with him?

W. Very.

J. How did you happen to meet him?

W. I didn't meet him; he met me.

J. Well, how did it occur?

J. Undoubtedly then he has formed an opinion as to a goat's capacity. I will allow the question.

P. A. Tell us, have you observed the ability of goats to consume all sorts of things.

J. I have given several years to observing and wondering about this very matter.

P. A. Well, then, tell us what you think about his capacity.

W. Oh, he was going four miles a minute and I happened to be in the way.

J. Where did you go after this meeting?

W. I went a few yards through the air, and landed in the ash-barrel.

J. Did you meet him again?

W. Oh yes, he waited for me to get out of the ash-barrel and then he came back on the lightning express.

J. Where did he butt you this time?

W. All over.

J. But where *to?*

W. I didn't have time for a careful examination, but I think I went through three fences and over two stone walls; I knocked down a wheelbarrow, and finally landed among some gooseberry bushes.

P. A. What is your opinion of a goat's moral character?

W. He hasn't any. I think he is utterly devoid of soul or conscience, and takes delight in wickedness.

P. A. What is your opinion of his capacity?

W. I think he is equal to about five thousand horse-power.

P. A. But I refer to his stomach. Do you think him capable of eating a line of six shirts, five handkerchiefs, and—

D. A. I object to the question, your Honor; it is

an improper question; this man has never dissected a goat's stomach.

J. The court rules out the question.

P. A. Very well, I will ask, what, in your estimation, is the animal's stomachic capacity?

D. A. I object.

P. A. This man knows what goats can do. He has watched goats eat.

W. I believe that he could not only eat that line of clothes, but an entire clothing establishment, including the firm. It is my thorough conviction that if the animal were left to his own devices he would devour every green thing upon the face of the earth.

D. A. And Wintergreen too?

W. Yes, sir, it does, sir; I am certain that he would have no scruples in eating me bodily. He would even swallow the defendant's learned counsel—which would be something of a pill, sir, but he would stomach it; and after devouring every living thing upon the globe he would butt the world out of its orbit away into space, and go and eat the Man in the Moon, sir. That is my opinion of his capacity. (*Steps down.*)

J. Call the witnesses for the defense.

C. Simon Spangle! (*Spangle comes to witness stand.*) Do—you—hereby—and—hereon—toothem—toothem—toothem—hobblum—hobblum—bob?

Spangle. I do (*raises both hands*).

J. What is your business?

S. Tanning hides.

J. Then you are a teacher?

S. No. A tanner.

J. What do you know of this case?

S. I know the goat.

J. I trust your acquaintance has been more agreeable than that of Mr. Wintergreen.

S. It has. That goat has been fearfully libeled.

J. What can you say in the creature's favor?

S. He butted seven kids to death, and thirteen dogs; all of which I bought at a great bargain. I tanned their skins and sold them at a large profit. The goat is a fine animal and worth his weight in gold. Even in death he does not forget his patrons. He left his skin, which I have bought and shall work up into shoes. Oh, he was a fine goat, his hide was the toughest I have ever seen! I wish I could find a great many such goats; I should be soon rich. (*Steps down.*)

D. A. Your Honor, we claim that the clothing in question had no business on our client's premises. If the clothes-line had been properly fastened the wind would never have carried it over the fence to tempt the innocent and unsuspecting goat. And, secondly, we claim that no honest man has a right to six fine white linen shirts at one time, and all out on the line together, provoking the enmity of less fortunate neighbors; no creature but a centipede is justly entitled to such an unheard-of number of socks; and as to the hemstitch handkerchiefs, I will only say, handkerchiefs have to be blowed!

J. Call the plaintiff.

C. Nathan Haw. (*Haw comes to stand.*) Do you, etc.?

H. I do.

J. Did you properly fasten the clothes-line?

H. My wife fastened it.

J. Then of course it blew away. (*Haw steps down.*) Call the defendant.

C. Ephraim Hum. (*Hum comes to stand.*) Do you, etc.?

H. I do.

J. What have you to say in defense of the goat?

H. Oh, your Honor, I am sad when I reflect on the tender memories connected with that gentle creature. His was an untimely end! He is the last of an illustrious line—

H. Yes, of my clothes-line.

J. Silence! Proceed, Mr. Hum.

H. I cherished that goat for his mother's sake. Ah! she was a nanny-goat indeed! How often has she furnished my poor family with precious milk! There were many dark hours, when eggs were too high for us, and then she supported us in that awful time when butter rose so powerfully. I assure you, judge, she was a friend indeed.

J. We do not wish to hear about butter and eggs. Confine yourself strictly to the matter in hand. You are talking about the mother of this goat.

H. Yes, she ate a bed quilt and died, and now her son Billy follows her in the same path of indiscretion! (*Steps down.*)

J. What is the value of the goat, Mr. Wintergreen?

W. Oh, I should say about ten dollars.

J. And Mr. Spangle, what do you think was the value of the goods consumed by the goat?

S. Why, ten dollars would cover it, no doubt.

J. (*He rises and all stand in proper poses.*) The court has carefully considered the many questions that have come up and he finds several cases quite similar have been before the courts. (*Opens books.*) In all these cases, where an equal loss is sustained by both parties it is best to bring the case to an end. I therefore dismiss the case, adjudging the costs to be equally divided, half to the plaintiff and half to the defendant, and advise that no more goats be kept and that the clothes-lines be made secure. The clerk will dismiss the court.

C. Hear ye, hear ye, this court is now adjourned. (*Exeunt.*)

❦❦❦

Historical Visitors.

[This can be made a part of the Closing Exercises and be very interesting. Other characters can be added; this is merely a mystery outline. It will increase the mystery to have some red or white powder explode when each enters; three knocks are given, then an explosion; then the characters suddenly appear from behind a curtain. The historian sits at a table; there is a lamp and books.]

CHARACTERS.	COSTUMES.
The Historian.	Sits at table; lamp, books, etc.
Father Time.	White hair and beard; carries an hour-glass.
George Washington.	White powdered wig, swallow-tail coat, knee-breeches, long stockings, and slippers.
Cyrus the Great. *Leonidas.* *Horatius.* *Peter the Great.* *Robert Bruce.*	If possible, arrange costumes that resemble somewhat those found in pictures of the men of their respective times.

Historian (*sits before a table, poring over a book. Shuts the book saying*): Those were great days; Cyrus the Great, Alexander and the Persian invasion, and Cæsar, Napoleon, Washington! Though dead and gone long ago, they seem real to me and I seem to see them.

(*An explosion and Father Time appears.*)

H. (*gets up and bows*). Please, sir, who are you and what do you wish?

Father Time. I am one you have often heard of—I am Father Time. I heard you speak of several of my sons; they are indeed worthy of respect; I am glad you have become acquainted with them. How would you like to see some of them here in this room and talk with them?

H. I would like that; but that's impossible. Yes, I feel this greatness.

F. T. Whom would you like to see?

H. If I could, I'd like to see Cyrus the Great. I——

F. T. (*Knocks three times and there is an explosion and Cyrus the Great enters.*) This, my young historian, is Cyrus the Great. Ask him what you wish.

H. I am very glad to see you, Mr. Cyrus. I have always had quite a liking for you because you were such a wonderful fellow. And did you really flog that boy that time you were playing king? They'd never found out who you were if you hadn't, would they?

Cyrus. O they might; one can never tell what will happen.

H. Please tell me, Mr. Cyrus, something about old Crœsus? You took him prisoner, you know. I always thought that was real good of you to let him go that time he cried out about Solon. And did you get all of his riches?

Cyrus. I got most of them, but Lydia, you know, was full of gold; it could be picked up along the courses of some of the rivers. The mountains where they started were full of it.

H. Then you turned the river off into a canal so you could get into Babylon, wasn't that a bright idea? Just tell us about that, will you?

F. T. But Cyrus must go.

H. What a pity; I haven't heard scarcely anything yet. (*Explosion and exit Cyrus.*)

F. T. You mustn't use up so much time in talking to them if you want to hear what they have to say. Whom would you like to see next?

H. Leonidas, please, I want to——

(*Explosion. Enter Leonidas.*)

H. Mr. Leonidas, please tell me all about the battle at Thermopylæ. I tell you, you were a brave man that time!

Leonidas. I only did my duty. Could I have ever looked anybody in the face again if I had given up my country to the enemy to save my life? No, sir! give me death rather than dishonor!

H. What was that word you sent back to Xerxes when he commanded you to send him your arms?

L. I told him to come and take them.

H. And weren't you at all afraid when you saw his vast army? What did you think about to keep your courage up?

L. I thought of my country.

H. But didn't you think those other fellows were mean that went back and left you?

L. I was not their judge; my duty was to keep the Persians out.

H. That was a mean scamp that told about that secret pass.

F. T. Time's up. Leonidas must go. (*Exit.*)

H. Call in that brave fellow that kept the bridge in Rome—Horatius, that's his name.

(*Three knocks; enter Horatius*). Mr. Horatius, how do you do? (*Wants to shake hands; he refuses.*) I am very glad to see you. Won't you please tell me all about that bridge affair?

Horatius. About what?

H. Why, about how you kept the bridge in Rome.

Horatius. Kept the bridge! What bridge did I keep?

H. Why, you know that time you kept the Etrurians back while the rest of your men cut away the bridge so they couldn't cross over.

Horatius. Oh, I didn't claim to do it all alone. Spurius, Lartius, and Herminius helped me.

H. Yes, but they ran just as soon as the bridge was ready to fall, and you stayed till it was down and you had to swim back.

Horatius. Well, I think we Romans were made of

strong stuff. We didn't think anything of putting our lives in peril to save our country.

H. I would like to have been there. I'd——

F. T. Time's up. Horatius must go. (*Exit.*) Whom will you interview next?

H. Well, let me see Peter the Great. (*Three knocks; enter Peter.*) How do you do, Peter? Though you were not noted for fine manners, you did really great things.

Peter. What ones?

H. Perhaps you don't know what people say about you.

P. Why, what do they say?

H. They say you went down to Amsterdam and learned ship-building, just like any laborer.

P. Yes, so I did, and I had a good reason for doing so.

H. Yes, I know all about it. The books tell us so you did. But what made you let King Charles of Sweden whip you when you had so many men and he had so few?

P. Well, what do people now say was the reason?

H. That your men weren't so well trained.

F. T. Peter must go. (*Exit.*) Whom next?

H. Call up Robert Bruce. (*Three knocks; enter Robert Bruce.*) How do you do, Mr. Bruce? (*Wants to shake hands; he refuses.*) Won't you please tell me, sir, about that spider? Did you really go in a den to hide, and did the men come to find you? You tell about it, won't you, please, sir? I am anxious to know the facts.

B. Yes, I hid myself in a cave once when my enemies were hunting for me. I presume there was a web there when I went in, and I brushed it down, for the mouth was very narrow. The spider must have worked very rapidly, for it was only a little while after I went in that I heard them coming toward the cave. I heard

one of them say, "Maybe he's in that hole." But another one said, "No, there's a spider's web; he would have brushed it down if he had gone in there"—and they hurried on.

H. I guess you felt thankful to that spider, didn't you?

F. T. Time to be going, Mr. Bruce.

H. Good-day, Mr. Bruce. Very glad to have met you. (*Explosion; exit Bruce.*) Now call William Tell, please. I want to ask him about that apple.

F. T. I have only time to call one more. Whom will you have?

H. (*after reflecting an instant.*) I think I'd prefer the Father of my Country; I've heard so much about him——(*Enter George Washington. H. rises very respectfully.*) How do you do, Father Washington? If you have time to talk a few moments I would be much pleased.

W. What would you like to have me talk about?

H. Well, I need some good advice, and I know you could give me some that would be of great benefit.

W. I will tell you some of the things I made up my mind to observe when I was a young man, and I think that whatever success I had in life was due to my doing so. One thing was, "Always to associate with men of good quality; it is better to be alone than to be in bad company." Another was, "Be courteous to all, but intimate with few; and let these be well tried before you give them your confidence." I could give you many more, but you can find all of them in the books that have been written. There is a book now on your table that has my farewell address in it.

F. T. Time's up. (*Explosion. Exit Washington. A second explosion and exit F. T.*)

H. Now you may call in Napoleon. (*Looks around.*) Why, I must have been dreaming. I have been reading about Cyrus and Washington and I thought

they came in and talked with me, and that Father Time was here, too. But I seem to be alone. Yes, I must have been dreaming and I had better go to bed. (*Takes lamp and exit.*)

Little Finger Plays

"POSITION," said the teacher.

Twenty-five little bodies straightened themselves against the backs of the seats. Twenty-five pairs of hands demurely folded themselves, for their owners had been in school the term before; but the twenty-five new beginners, what were they doing?

Straggling helplessly anywhere in the seat, while twenty-five pairs of round eyes gazed at the teacher with all the mingled timidity and curiosity of the first day.

How much showing and persuading it took to get those twenty-five pairs of little hands folded and the wavering line strengthened, no one but the primary teacher on the first day can tell. After it was all done, taking any amount of time and patience, the boldest of the newcomers piped out "Teacher, what do we have to that for?"

Should she explain that hygienic reasons and the laws of growth demand an upright position, and uniformity is desirable in a schoolroom?

The teacher looked at the expectant baby faces and knew better. She answered brightly, "Why, so we can play pretty plays with our fingers. See, this is

the way," and she lifted one finger after another to a rhyme that was altogether impromptu, though the idea was caught from some school journal model that she could not remember.

"One little rabbit shyly creeping out;
Two little rabbits, running all about;
Three little rabbits, eating something nice,
Four little rabbits looking very wise;
Five little rabbits coming out to see
What that creature walking on two legs could be.
'Bang,' went a gun,
Oh, see them run!"

The children watched with delighted faces. This was fun. There was evidently a good reason for that peculiar action known as "sitting in bazishun." They would do it quickly every time.

And so for two or three days the teacher found the little finger plays her greatest help. Then, as the babies became well drilled and learned the school motion songs, they dropped into abeyance. But there came another day when she felt that she could not have taught school without them. That was when she had a sore throat and could not sing. Shades of the Muses! is there any misfortune that could more disable a primary teacher!

The children strove hard. The little voices started the first line strongly, though sadly out of tune, but the song died down. It was of no use. They could not sing without the teacher.

Then the finger plays showed all their usefulness. They took the place of the morning songs so well that the children did not realize that anything was left out. During those few days the teacher used every one she could find, and invented half a dozen more. Kittens, frogs, fishes, rabbits, mice and birds were in turn brought into requisition.

The motions to all were much alike, but the children did not think of that, since the mental picture presented was different. In each the fingers of the right hand were brought up one after the other, while the fingers in the left hand took the part of "supes," acting as creeping mouse in the kitten play, man stalking along with his gun in the rabbit jingle, and the great fish in the rhyme of the fishes.

Here are some samples, in each of which the children took great delight.

One little kitten thinks she hears a mouse;
Two little kittens creep about the house;
Softly, so softly three kittens go;
Four little kittens steal up in a row;
Five little kittens scamper very fast,
But the little mouse finds its hole at last.

One little frog jumped into the water;
Two little frogs jumped quickly after;
Three little frogs jumped after two,
Four little frogs thought they 'd try it too;
"You naughty children," the mother frog said,
And she jumped in too, and sent them to bed.

One little girl looking for a flower;
Two little girls hunting half an hour;
Three little girls find a buttercup;
Four little girls run to pick it up;
Five little girls bump their heads together;
Then they all run home in the sunny weather.

One little fish swimming in the pool;
Two little fishes in the water cool;
Three little fishes start out toward the sea;
Four little fishes say, "We would be big and free."
Five little fishes see a great fish come to eat them;
Home they swim so fast the great fish cannot beat them.

One little bird is learning to fly;
Two little birds are eager to try;
Three little birds hop out on the tree;
Four little birds flutter in glee;
Five little birds spy a great hungry cat,
Frightened, they chirp, "Oh, do you see that?
The wide world is lovely but home is the best,"
And five little birds fly back to their nest.

The jingles fairly make themselves, as any teacher will find who comes under the spell. Emilie Poulsson in her delightful book, "Finger Plays," says, "Dormant thought may receive its first awakening call through the motions which interpret as well as illustrate the phase of life or activity presented by the words." If the teacher of small children desires an awakening process, let her try finger plays by way of a change, and note the enthusiasm and spontaneous delight that ripples up over the little faces.

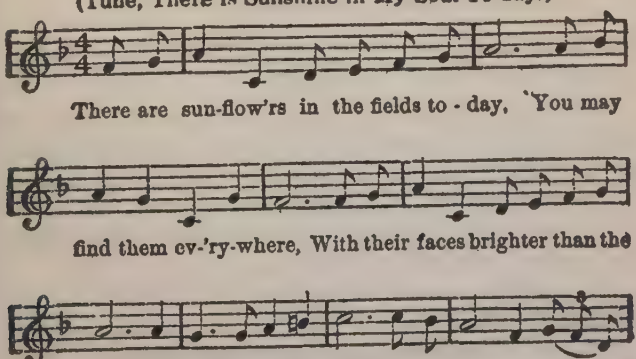
The Sunflowers

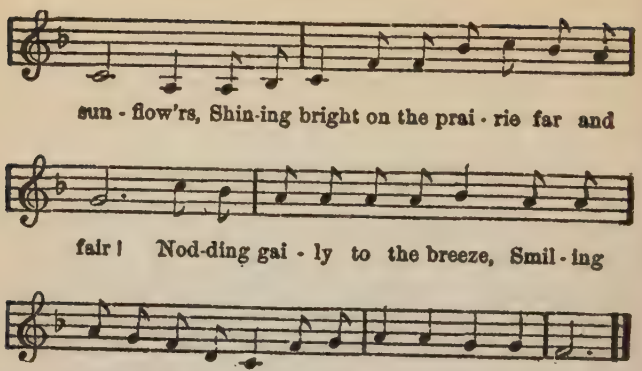
THIS is an exercise for autumn for a number of children, each of whom wears or carries a sunflower. These are not meant to be tame sunflowers, but rather the small wild ones, like yellow daisies that blossom so abundantly all over the west central states in the fall. If, however, the children are not familiar with the wild ones, let them take the garden variety.

If the children are small, let them make their own sunflowers as busy work, by pasting petals of yellow or orange around a circular center. They will enjoy wearing those made with their own hands even more than the much prettier natural flowers.

SUNFLOWER SONG

(Tune, There is Sunshine in My Soul To-day.)


There are sun-flow'rs in the fields to - day. 'You may
find them ev-'ry-where, With their faces brighter than the
stars And gay beyond compare, Oh, the sun-flow'rs, yellow


sun - flow'rs, Shin-ing bright on the prai - rie far and
fair! Nod-ding gai - ly to the breeze, Smil - ing
bright-ly to the sun, There are sun-flow'rs ev-'ry-where.

Chorus.

O the sunflow'rs, yellow sunflow'rs,
Shining bright on the prairie far and fair!
Nodding gaily to the breeze,
Smiling brightly to the sun!
There are sunflow'rs everywhere.

There are sunflow'rs in the fields to-day,
And a message sweet they bear;
For the hand that set each golden ray
Brings beauty everywhere.

Chorus.

After the children sing this they retire to the back part of the room and the children who are to give the next exercise come forward. The teacher has drawn on the blackboard beforehand with orange-colored crayon a circle about four inches across. As each child gives his lines he draws one petal till, at the conclusion, the sunflower is finished.

School.

What is the message the sunflowers tell?
Give it, we pray. We will listen well.

Speakers together.

A message of brightness, a message of cheer,
Each petal will tell us if we will but hear.

First Child. (Drawing the uppermost petal.)

Love is the message my petal shall say,
For love can brighten the darkest day.

Second Child. (Drawing the lowest petal.)

Mine speaks of joy to each lassie and lad,
Be happy yourself and make others glad.

Third Child. (Drawing left-hand petal.)

Mine tells, as a guide to our daily living,
That the world is brightened by generous giving.

Fourth Child. (Drawing right-hand petal.)

A grateful heart will brighten it too,
And loving thanks where thanks are due.

Fifth Child. (Drawing the upper left-hand corner petal.)

Friendliness brightens the gloomiest ways;
"Be a friend, love your friend," my petal says.

Sixth Child. (Drawing the upper right-hand corner petal.)

An eye that sees what is good and fair
Makes the world brighter everywhere.

Seventh Child. (Drawing the lower left-hand corner petal.)

Ripples of laughter and kind, gentle words,
Make sweeter music than even the birds.

Eighth Child. (Drawing lower right-hand corner petal.)

Lastly, a patient heart, tender and strong,
Makes the world brighter by helping along.

Singers. (From the back of the room with the same tune as before.)

There are children in the world to-day,
God, in love, has placed them there.
May they heed this message of the flowers
With thoughtful, tender care.

Chorus.

Oh, the children, happy children,
With their merry eyes and faces fair!
In their work and in their play
May they be like sunflow'rs gay,
Spreading brightness ev'rywhere.

A Sunflower Story

(To be read by the children, each having one paragraph on a slip of paper, or to be read aloud by the teacher.)

SEPTEMBER has come and all the prairie is dotted with little yellow sunflowers. In the gardens they grow tall and large, with great brown centers, and leaves so big that sometimes the little girls use them for fans. In garden and field and prairie it is sunflower season. The petals are yellower than gold and they cluster around the brown center like pretty rays of yellow light.

No wonder they call this yellow blossom a sunflower. We cannot look at it without thinking of the sun. If you were little Greek boys and girls you would think that the pretty, many-rayed blossom was a beautiful maiden who had been changed into a flower because she loved the sun so much. Here is the story:

Once upon a time there was a little sea-nymph named Clytie who lived under the ocean. Her home was very beautiful except for one thing: there was no sunlight. Clytie longed for brightness in the cool green depths of the water. Every day she swam nearer and nearer to the shore, and at last she ventured fairly upon the beach and there she saw the sunshine.

You have seen the sunshine so often that you have grown used to it. You can hardly think how beautiful it seemed to Clytie, as she saw it sparkling on the waves, shining on the rocks, and shimmering on the green grass beyond. She stood and gazed at it as long as she dared, and when she went back her face was so bright that all the sea-nymphs said: "What has Clytie seen?"

After that every day Clytie climbed the rocks and sat gazing at the sunshine, perfectly happy in its brightness. Often she begged the other sea-nymphs to go with her, but the sea-people were very timid and they would not go.

"Suppose some mortals should see you!" they cried. "You could never go back into these again, but must work for them all the rest of your life."

"I would rather work for others and see the sun than live idly and never see it," answered Clytie, bravely.

And just what they feared happened. Clytie was discovered, and, by the rules of the sea-people, she was compelled to become the servant of the mortals who found her. She had to work very hard, but she could see the sun every pleasant day, and when it stormed or she had to go into dark, gloomy places, her face was so bright that it lightened the gloom to have her near.

Especially she cheered and helped sick people and old people and little children. She was often wearied and burdened, but she did not mind that, for it seemed to her a beautiful thing to work to make other people happy. At last she had grown old and gray-haired and feeble, and it was time for her to die.

Now the sea-nymphs do not have any souls, so people say, and when they die they simply change into foam of the sea. But when Clytie looked up at the sun sadly—for she thought it was the last time

—instead of feeling her life ebb away a new strength and gladness came into her veins. She did not bend over with age but she became firm and tall and strong. The gray hair turned yellow again and floated away from her face in lovely golden petals. A little child who came bounding down the path stopped and clapped his chubby hands with delight.

"Oh, I've found a flower of sunshine—a sunflower!" he cried.

Yes, Clytie who loved the sun so much, had been changed into a sunflower, the first sunflower. She was very happy. All day long she looked into the sun's face. In the early morning she turned toward the east; at noon she gazed straight up, and at night she faced the west.

The story does not tell what became of her then. I think Phœbus, the sun-god, must have changed her back into a maiden again by and by, and taken her to live with him in his beautiful sun-palace.

There are many sunflowers now and their blossoms follow the sun as Clytie's did until they become too stiff and old to turn. The little Greek children would say that they are all the children of Clytie.

September Birds

(An exercise for eighteen little children.)

The nine children who are to answer the birds take their places first in the front of the room. Each bird flies out from his seat to the front where he speaks, and then flies back, out of the door if he goes away in the fall, or back to his seat if he remains all winter.

Some attempt at costuming will make this exercise much more interesting to the children, if it is nothing more than a bit of tissue paper pinned on. The summer yellow-bird should be clothed in yellow if possible, or at least wear a yellow tissue paper cap. Let the swallow wear a white shield across his breast and the red-winged blackbird have scarlet caps on the tops of his sleeves. The bluebird should be dressed in dark blue, the blue jay in lighter blue and the English sparrow in brown with a black necktie or V-shaped piece at the throat. The woodpecker should wear a crimson cap and the robin a shield of brownish red.

Summer yellow-bird.

I'm the summer yellow-bird;
All the summer through
Merrily I flit about
Singing songs to you.
When the summertime is past,
Some September day,

Then I spread my joyful wings
Flying far away.

Flies out through the schoolroom door while the first pupil in front answers.

Answer.

Pretty bird, yellow bird,
Flying far away,
Come again back to us,
On some glad spring day.

White-breasted swallow.

I'm the swallow with white breast,
Skimming through the air;
When September comes I seek
Lands more warm and fair.

Answer.

Swallow, skimming by so fast,
Flying far and fleet,
Come again back to us
In the springtime sweet.

Red-winged blackbird.

I'm the red-winged blackbird,
In the field and wood
Harmful insects I devour;
Is my work not good?

Answer.

Pretty bird, bright-winged bird,
Thanks we give to you.
Come again speedily
When the winter's through.

Wild goose.

Honk! Honk! In a flock
Like the letter V
I and the wild geese, my mates,
Fly forth steadily.

Answer.

Graceful bird, sweet-winged bird,
Flying far away,
Come again back to us
On the first spring day.

Bluebird.

When the bluebird flashes bright
In the leafless trees,
Then you 'll know spring's come again
Now I go with these.

Answer.

Pretty bird, bluebird dear,
Come back soon in spring.
All the children's hearts are glad
When we hear you sing.

Robin.

For a very little while
I will bid adieu,
E'er the snow is fairly gone,
I'll come back to you.

Answer.

Friendly bird, faithful bird,
Robin Redbreast true,
Come as quickly as you can,
We shall welcome you.

Woodpecker.

I'm the jolly woodpecker,
Hear my tap, tap, tap,
I shall stay here with you,
I fear no mishap.

Answer.

Jolly red-headed bird,
We are glad you 'll stay.
Your tap, tap, with joy we hear
On a winter's day.

Blue jay.

I'm the robber blue jay,
Handsome, saucy, bold.
Through the winter I shall stay.
I fear not the cold.

Answer.

Pretty bird, gay-clad bird,
We are glad you 'll stay,
Brightening dreary days,
Handsome, hardy jay.

English sparrow.

I'm the English sparrow,
I build near your home.
Be the season what it may,
I shall never roam.

Answer.

Little bird, pretty bird,
We are glad you 'll stay,
We will strew crumbs for you
Every winter day.

Song by the school.

(If desired this may precede the exercise.)

(*Tune, Annie Laurie.*)

In the sunny days of springtime
The birds their carols sing;
In the golden days of summer
They flit on glancing wing.
They flit on glancing wing,
And gladden all the day
But when autumn leaves are glowing
They fly away, away.

In the sunny days of springtime
We love their happy song;
And we love their summer flittings
Through the days so fair and long.
But we love to see them too
On this glad September day
As they gather, chirp, and flutter
And fly away, away.

A Thanksgiving Celebration

"THE seventh grade children are going to have a dialogue and dress all up, and have a beautiful time on the day before Thanksgiving," said the six-year-old primary pupil dolefully.

"Never mind," answered the first primary teacher, "we 'll have a dress-up dialogue and a beautiful time ourselves."

The small pupil went to her seat comforted, but the busy teacher sighed in her turn.

"Oh, dear! With so much work to do to get them up to grade!" she thought. "And I have to find all their pieces and copy them all!"

The thought was still troubling her when some lucky mischance knocked down a portfolio and spilled out the many-colored tissue papers that had done service at May-basket time; and with that an inspiration came to her.

"I'll take tissue paper," she thought. "Here it

is in all the colors and the shades are the loveliest that could be found. It will be very easy to get up a 'dress-up' dialogue after all."

So she proceeded to invent a "dialogue" containing the great sum of four lines apiece for eight little maidens in the guise of color fairies, and their queen. Then she took her tissue paper and in half an hour had made the finishing touches that were to transform the white aprons and best dresses of her little girls into costumes.

She cut three-inch strips and then, with a fold or two, a dexterous twist and a dab of paste she made six colored bows with streamers of a beautiful length. When the great tissue bow with its floating ends was pinned on her left shoulder, each little color fairy felt "dressed up" to her entire satisfaction and looked very pretty.

The queen wore a gilt paper crown and carried a fine scepter which might have been thought to resemble the school pointer wrapped in tissue paper. She rose and passed to the teacher's chair, which a kindly drapery had turned into a throne. The little color fairies advanced and, joining hands, circled around her, first to the right and then to the left. Then the queen stretched out her scepter and spoke:

Queen.

Little color fairies,
Will you come and say
What you do to help us
Be glad Thanksgiving day?

Red.

I paint the red cranberries
As lovely as a rose,
And all the crimson jelly;
See how it shines and glows!

Orange.

I paint the great round pumpkins,
To make the pumpkin pies.
Oh, how the children love them!
Just see their shining eyes!

Yellow.

I paint the yellow popcorn,
But soon it turns to white.
The children love to see it dance
In the bright, warm firelight.

Green.

I paint the round green apples,
The children love to eat,
So good and sweet and mellow,
A real Thanksgiving treat.

Blue.

I painted Essie's jacket
And Ida's ribbon too,
And Clara's pretty school-dress
And Lena's eyes so blue.

Purple.

I paint the luscious purple grapes
The happy children know,
For which the Northmen named our land,
Nine hundred years ago.

Queen.

Thank you, little fairies,
Most hearty thanks we say,
For all the beauty that you bring
This glad Thanksgiving day.

Then the fairies, each with a funny little bow that was meant to be extremely elegant, tripped to their seats very happy.

But the boys, admiring the effusion of the girls, had begged for a dialogue too. Earle, in his enthusiasm, had brought a pumpkin to school and, with inspiration born for the moment, the teacher wrote a stanza for it. Other stanzas followed and the completed effort was given thus:

THANKSGIVING DAINTIES.

First Boy. (With a pumpkin.)

This is a pumpkin so big and so round,
Weighing, oh many and many a pound,
To make into pies, the best to be found,
Jolly good pies for Thanksgiving.

Second Boy. (With a string of cranberries.)

These are the cranberries, see how they shine!
Redder than rubies that come from a mine;
And the jelly they make, I tell you is prime,
To eat with our turkey Thanksgiving.

Third Boy. (With a wishbone.)

This is the wishbone that grandpa gives me,
Just because I am the youngest you see;
When it is broken, what fun it will be,
Getting my wish for Thanksgiving.

Fourth Boy. (With a string of popcorn.)

This is the popcorn; we pop it at night,
Sitting around by the warm firelight,
Every one happy and cozy and bright.
Oh, how we love Thanksgiving!

All.

Oh, how we love Thanksgiving!

Besides this the teacher had selected, copied and attended to the learning of a piece for every child in the room.

"I can never get through with it," she had sighed when she began; but, by having four or five little pupils stand up together and each repeat about four lines of one selection, she found her task easy after all, and the children decided that they "just loved" to speak.

The pieces were over at last, but the children must hear the Thanksgiving story. Perceiving that the little sitters were becoming restless for change of position, she ranged them along the sides of the wall to play "How many miles to Boston," first explaining how old the game was and telling about those children of the early settlers who invented the game when there really was danger from bears in going through the uncleared wilderness to Boston. It is a charming game to the pupils of room one, and is played by them as follows:

The two classes range themselves along opposite walls. The "bear" stands in the middle. Then comes the following delightfully "creepy" dialogue:

"How many miles to Boston? "
"Three score and ten."
"Can I get there by candle-light? "
"Yes, if the bears don't bite."
"Are you afraid? "
"No, if you 're not."
"Let 's go."

And with the word the players change sides, the bear catching as many as he can during the operation. Every one touched by the bear must go at once to his seat, so the rows thin out very rapidly and the game takes just the right length of time. When the thoroughly refreshed little players were once more seated decorously, the teacher told this story:

A long time ago, our great, great, great, great grandfathers and our great, great, great, great grandmothers lived far over the sea. But the king there was not kind to them, and he would not let them do what they thought was right.

"We will sail over the seas to the new country that Columbus discovered," they said. "And there we will make homes for ourselves where we can teach

our children to serve God in the way we believe He wants us to."

So they started across the ocean in a ship named the Mayflower. It was the best ship that they could get, but we would call it a very small and uncomfortable ship now. It was a long, hard voyage. They started about the time of year when school begins, and they did not leave the ship until almost Christmas. They were crowded and cold and uncomfortable enough, and the little children must have often tried very hard to choke back the sobs, but there was one beautiful being that came to them on the Mayflower. That was a little boy baby. He was born when the ship was out on the ocean, so they named him Oceanus.

When, at last, they reached this country, there was no pier to which to bring the ship. The men took the women and children off in a little boat and rowed them through the surf, and they stepped out of the boat onto a great stone called Plymouth Rock.

It was very snowy and cold, and they had no houses to live in. The men chopped down trees and built log houses, and they made great fires and were very thankful to be on land once more.

It was a very long, hard winter. Many times the children were hungry, and the fathers and mothers had nothing to give them. The Pilgrim fathers would take their guns and go roaming through the snowy forest hunting wild fowls, or deer, or bears, or anything they could find for meat.

One day they found a great earthen jar full of corn buried under a mound of earth. Some Indians had left it there. Oh, how thankful they were when they found it, and how the children clapped their hands when they saw the yellow cornmeal it made,—the very finest they had ever seen!

The little Pilgrim boys and girls had to be very

brave that winter, and the fathers and mothers too, for there was much to bear,—sickness and cold and hunger and loneliness. Once there were so many sick that there were only seven well ones left to take care of them.

At one time, it is said, they were in such need that they had only three grains of corn apiece to eat, and they all gathered in the church to pray to God to send them help. While they were praying, someone rushed into the church calling out that a ship was coming. They all flocked down to the seashore, and, gazing out over the water, they saw that it was really a ship bringing food and other colonists.

Oh, how happy they were! Then and there they turned their prayer service into Thanksgiving. But that was not the first Thanksgiving Day. The first Thanksgiving Day they had at the end of the very first summer, to thank God because they had a harvest and storehouses of wheat and rye and barley to keep them from starving in the winter.

"Let us have a feast to show our thankfulness," said the Pilgrim fathers.

"Yes, and let us invite the Indians," said the Pilgrim mothers.

Think how the Pilgrim boys and girls must have capered around then. Some boys went to the woods with their fathers, carrying long guns, to shoot game for the feast. Others ran to invite the Indians. The girls hurried about to help their mothers bake cake and bread and pies, and dress and cook the meat that the men brought in.

At last the long tables were set, and the Indians came, one after the other, with feathers in their hair and strings of wampum in their belts. The women and girls must have had to scurry round to wait on them; but oh! how happy the Pilgrims were, and how thankful!

So this was the first Thanksgiving Day. Every year now we have Thanksgiving Day, and we go to grandma's or have company, and eat a very good dinner and have a merry time. We must not forget to be thankful to God because He helped our fathers to come to this land to make homes for us. Let us bow our heads and sing our Thanksgiving hymn.

Then, very softly and reverently, the childish voices caroled the verse they had been practicing until they had learned it by heart, "for always," we will hope, to the dear old tune of "Home, Sweet Home!"

Oh, God of our nation, we thank Thee to-day,
For guiding our fathers so far on their way.
Undaunted in danger and pain did they roam
In the land of the stranger to find us a home,
Home, home, sweet home,
We thank Thee, dear Father, for country and home.

"We have had a beautiful time," whispered the six-year-old as she tenderly smoothed the red tissue bow for which she had gone back to the schoolroom.

And the teacher, looking with loving eyes after her departing flock, felt that she too had had a beautiful time.

Keeping Christmas

To keep Christmas in the primary room! Could anything be more delightful? Verily the kings of earth upon their thrones, yes, even the angels in heaven have reason to envy the primary teacher her good fortune.

In what other place can there be found so many little heads, all about the same height above your knee, so many pairs of eager eyes, and so many happy little faces? What most eloquent speaker has such an enraptured audience?

To be sure there is not much new to be done for Christmas. The dear old things that have been described again and again are so completely satisfying that it would be a pity to change.

The dramatization of "'Twas the Night Before Christmas" is so easily gotten up in impromptu fashion, and so very delightful to the children, that in our school we would no more dream of omitting it than of failing to send home a Christmas card, containing a star, or a stocking, sewed by dear clumsy fingers, to each father or mother.

The Madonna day, when all available photographs and engravings of the Holy Mother and Child were arranged on the wall and the table, was very successful. So also was the small Christmas tree set up in the schoolroom. But when the teacher, fired with the ambition of success, attempted to have both in one season, one neutralized the effect of the other and it was perceived that either would have been more effective alone. There is danger, lest, in the embarrassment of riches, the teacher may do too much, and in the end produce only a jumble of ideas in some very tired little brains.

After all, one great thing about Christmas is the Christmas story. How to present it in the most interesting fashion is the chief problem. Surely the teacher who is fortunate enough to find a version that has caught and held the attention of the very little ones is in duty bound to share the discovery with others.

Because it has interested one roomful after another of little people, the following is recorded.

THE CHRISTMAS STORY.

ONCE upon a time some shepherds were watching their flocks at night near a little town called Bethlehem. They had to stay with the sheep all night, for in that country the wolves might have come to kill and eat them, or robbers to steal them away if they were left alone.

We can think just how they would look, the sheep all huddled together in their sleep, the good old dogs near by and the shepherds drowsing by a little bonfire they had made to warm themselves, for the night was cold. I am sure there must have been one boy there who loved his father, and I think he said, "Father, you go to sleep and let me watch the sheep to-night. I am sure I can do it."

So the father would wrap himself up in the kind of a shawl the men wore then, and go to sleep by the fire while the boy watched.

But by and by the fire would begin to go down, and it would be so dark and still on the hillside that the boy would be almost afraid. Then he would look up at the bright stars and think how God made them, to comfort himself.

And while he was looking to heaven and trying to be brave suddenly there came a great light into the sky. Then the boy woke up his father and the

other shepherds; but when they saw the light they were afraid and threw themselves on the ground, hiding their faces. Only the little boy looked up and he saw that in the light was a lovely shining angel with the kindest, happiest face. The angel came down to the men and touched them and said:

"Do not be afraid. I bring you tidings of great joy. To-night in the little town of Bethlehem, beside you, Christ, the Saviour, is born. And this is how you will know him. He is a little baby wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger."

And suddenly they saw with the angel a great number of angels besides, and they sang this beautiful Christmas song:

"*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men.*"

Then, while the shepherds stood looking at them, their white wings and shining faces went further and further away, until they vanished into the sky.

The little boy caught his father's hand. "Father," he said, "let us go now unto Bethlehem, and see this baby who is Christ the Lord." And all the other shepherds said, "Yes, come, let us go."

So they all went together into Bethlehem. The town was dark, for it was midnight, but it was not so very still because it was full of travelers. You could hear the little bells of the camels tinkling as they moved around in their sleep, and the horses and donkeys crowded so close together that they disturbed each other.

The shepherds went to the inn first, but the sleepy porter told them that there was no room there; the

man and woman and little new baby were in the stable, which was a kind of cave.

Then they turned to the stable, and over it they saw a beautiful, shining star, the Christmas star. They went into the stable very softly, the dogs walking quietly beside them as if they understood, and there, lying on the hay, they saw the baby,—the wonderful Christ Child. His little eyes were closed but the mother's were open, and her face looked as sweet and as happy as the angels' they had seen.

Then the shepherds knelt down by the manger and thanked God, and well they might, for it was the happiest night the world had ever known.

A few days after the baby Christ had some more visitors, but they were not poor men like the shepherds. They were wise men from the East. Some people say they were kings. They had seen the Christmas star from their home, far, far away, and had followed it across the hot, sandy desert to find the Christ Child. They had had to ride on camels, for these are the only beasts that can go without water a long time, and they had had to travel by night, for the days in the desert are too hot. You can often see pictures of travelers on their camels, riding across the sand in the moonlight.

After they had traveled ever so many nights they came to the little baby and his mother. They knelt before the baby as the shepherds had done, and they gave him beautiful gifts,—gold and sweet smelling perfumes.

I think the baby must have reached out his little hand to touch the pretty things, but I know he did not love them any more than he did the shepherd boy with his dog. For Christ loves everybody, rich and poor; and he came to earth as a little baby to help

us all, and make us happy and kind to each other. And so, on Christmas day we all give presents to each other, as the wise men did to the Christ Child, because that is the day when Christ was born.

The little story changes of course as the round eyes, that look up at the narrator, brighten with interest or grow restless and wandering, but the main effort is always the same, to make the children share in the gladness and love that came into the world when the Christ Child came, and to make them see that Christmas gifts are a memorial of Him.

As for Christmas songs, the journals are full of lovely ones. It pleases the small pupils the writer knows best, to have a particular song for each picture upon the blackboard, "Christmas Star," "Jolly Old St. Nicholas," "Hang up the Baby's Stocking," and other dear old favorites.

No song has pleased them better than one which their teacher made up for them, or rather, added on to the first two lines which were all she could remember of one she wanted to give them but could not find. What she was trying to do was to impress on their minds in simple, childlike words the points she had made the greatest effort to bring out. The children liked it for the way it was sung, the first stanza as a solo by the sweetest of little lame six-year-old singers, the second as a response by the whole school, the third by all the boys, the fourth by all the girls, and the last as a grand closing, all together.

First Child.

Little children, can you tell,
Do you know the story well,
How the Lord of life and light
Left His home in heaven so bright
On the Christmas morning?

School.

Yes, we know the story well,
Listen, now, and hear us tell.
Christ was born in Bethlehem,
Christ, the little children's friend,
On the Christmas morning.

Boys.

Shepherds sat upon the ground,
Fleecy flocks were folded round;
Then a brightness filled the sky;
Angel voices rang on high,
On the Christmas morning.

Girls.

O'er a stable hung a star;
Wise men followed from afar;
Jesus in the manger lay,
Lord of life upon the hay,
On the Christmas morning.

School.

Gifts they offered rich and rare
Kneeling by the manger there;
We our hearts to Him must bring,
Gifts for Christ, our Saviour King,
On the Christmas morning.

An Exercise for the Tiniest Ones

The little girls go to the front first and speak their pieces, afterwards forming themselves into a group holding candles high. Then the boys come, each carrying a string of popcorn about a yard long. After they have spoken they form a circle around the girls, joining themselves together by the popcorn strings, which should hang down between them in equal festoons. They dance around the little girls, then two raise their string to form an arch and the others pass beneath it and skip to their seats.

First Girl. (With a blue candle.)

Oh, I am a candle, a little blue candle,
To shine on the Christmas tree.

Second Girl. (With a white candle.)

And I am a candle, a little white candle,
To shine for the children's glee.

Third Girl. (With a red candle.)

And I am a candle, a little red candle,
To light up the Christmas tree.

Fourth Girl. (With a green candle.)

And I am a candle, a little green candle,
Set up for the children to see.

Fifth Girl. (With a yellow candle.)

And each will light up a little dark place,
And shine just as bright as can be.

First Boy.

We are little Christmas brownies,
Merry little elves.

Second Boy.

Hiding down by every package,
On the toyshop shelves.

Third Boy.

Peeping out of every stocking,
Hung on Christmas night.

Fourth Boy.

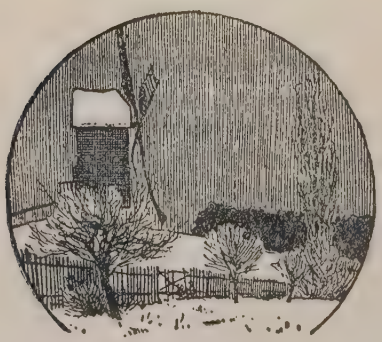
Hiding in the Christmas trees,
Beside each winking light.

Fifth Boy.

We are little Christmas brownies,
Sent down from above.

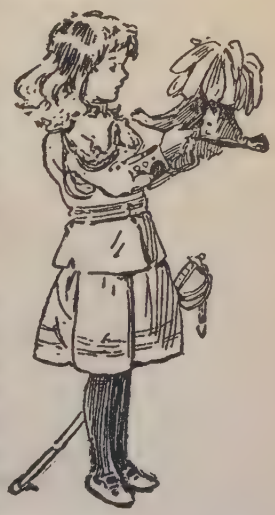
Sixth Boy

For we go with Christmas presents,
And our name is Love.



The Washington's Birthday Story

THANKSGIVING is the day for the home; Christmas the day for all the world; but Washington's birthday is the day for our country. It is well befitting the memory of our national hero, who, having no children of his own, was called the Father of his Country, that his birthday should be the one day in the year when we strive above all things else to inspire the school children of the nation with patriotism.



How shall we do this? Shall we have a "speaking day," with elaborate decorations, and company from far and near to hear the children speak patriotic pieces? Surely this is worth while and one of the best things we could do for our future Websters and Patrick Henrys.

But sometimes the teacher feels too much burdened with present duties to go through extra work, or the children are a little behind and it does not seem best to take the time from the regular studies. In this case, it is pleasant to reflect that it does not require great preparations and parade to celebrate Washington's birthday. Only three things are absolutely necessary—the flag, the patriotic spirit, and the story.

Is it getting to be an old, old story, hatchet, colt, and all the rest of it? The story may be old but the

children are new. Only a first-grade teacher can realize the thrill that takes possession of the child-soul when the hatchet story is heard for the first time. It is the birthright of the six-year-old, and should no more be denied him than it should be reiterated on each succeeding anniversary until it becomes a weariness to the spirit.

Decorations for Washington's birthday are easily arranged. The home at Mt. Vernon, with its square front and row of pillars is not too hard for a small boy to put on the blackboard, and he will care for it much more, since it is his own work, than if his teacher did it more artistically. The calendar that portrays Betsy Ross sewing on the first flag is common and much appreciated by the children. If a portrait of George Washington can be set up on an easel draped in red, white, and blue, and the children taught to salute it, soldier fashion, they are delighted.

Another decoration that pleases them because even the tiniest can help make it, is the festooning of chains of red, white and blue paper. These are made from little strips about six inches long and three-quarters of an inch wide, pasted together in interlacing rings. The printing office will cut the strips at very little expense, and cooked paste is not necessary, since flour and water stirred together is almost as good and much more easily managed in school.

If you wish each little heart to swell nigh to bursting with patriotic pride, teach the children to fold soldier hats from manila paper, and fasten into the apex of each hat a floating tassel of red, white and blue tissue paper. Then let them march around waving flags and singing soldier songs. At the close of the march the two leaders step to the front and cross flags, and the rest march under the crossed flags to their seats, each handing his flag to the teacher as he passes her.

It is no trouble to get flags for Washington's birthday if the school is not already provided, for each child will be eager to bring one. If a drum can be obtained for one to beat while the rest march around, their happiness is complete. As the gay little band march homeward with flags flying, they will agree that they have had a "splendid time," and the teacher will escape the nerve-racking headache that is so apt to follow school celebrations.

But whatever you do in the afternoon, be sure to tell the story in the morning, when the children are freshest. It may be that under such favorable circumstances they will even remember more than that Washington cut down a cherry tree.

The story as given here seems painfully incomplete to the narrator. There is so much that she could add on every point. But alas! it is too long for the baby class even as it stands, as she knows by sad experience. Something must be omitted if it is to be told in one day. There is abundant material for opening

exercises for a week, but it is a question whether such tiny children would be interested in the same subject for a week at a time. It is given only as a suggestion of the way to handle it, and of the points which the teacher may best strive to impress first.

THE WASHINGTON STORY.

Do you know who is our President? Do you know where he lives?

About sixteen miles from the city of Washington, where the President lives, there is a large white house on a bluff overlooking the river. Many steamboats go up and down the river day and night, and each one as it goes past that house tolls its bell all the way.

Can you think why the boats should do that? It is because it is the home of George Washington, whose birthday we celebrate to-day. It is for Washington's birthday that we raise the flag over the schoolhouse and bring so many little flags to school.

George Washington planned our flag, with its pretty red and white stripes and the blue field full of stars, one for each state. There used to be only thirteen stars, but now there are forty-five. Our country has grown so much. But whether we live in an old state or a new state we love George Washington, for without him we should have had no country and no flag. He was the commander of the army that fought the great war that gave us our flag and our country.

Oh, but it was such a long, hard war! Eight years it lasted. The children who were only babies when it begun were old enough to go to school in the third room when it was over, and some of them had scarcely seen their fathers, for the fathers were the soldiers. They were such brave soldiers, too. Many times

they did not have food enough to eat nor clothes enough to keep them warm. Once when they had marched across the country in the winter a messenger who followed them tracked the way by the blood-marks left by their poor, cut feet. They made little huts in the snow to sleep in, and they did n't even have blankets, and it was oh, so cold! But they would not give up, for they were fighting for their country.

They were as brave as could be, but they could not have succeeded in the war without George Washington. He was their leader and told them what to do. He made such wise plans that, ragged and hungry and poorly equipped as they were, the king's well-dressed, well-fed soldiers could not beat them.

At last the war was over and George Washington and his brave soldiers had conquered. Then he gave up his command over his army, and went back to the white house by the river. There he lived very happily with his wife and his two grandchildren, a little girl named Nellie Custis and her brother.

They still keep the great white house with everything in it as nearly as may be as Washington left it. When you grow older you can go and visit there, and see Nelly's funny little old piano which cost a thousand dollars, and her bed so high that she had to go up a flight of three steps to get in. The two children must have had lovely times at Mt. Vernon. There is a deer park in front of the house with live deer in it, and a landing by the river where they could have boats, and all sorts of delightful places to play in.

But the people did not let Washington stay at Mt. Vernon long. They needed a President and nobody knew so well how to govern our country as

Washington. He would rather have stayed at home, but he was ready to do anything for his country, so he went to New York to be President.

Oh, but you would have liked to have lived in one of the towns he went through on his way. The people were so thankful to him that wherever he went they all came out to meet him with bands and flags and speeches; and the little girls scattered flowers before him. He looked so fine on his prancing horse that I do not wonder all the people cheered and the children thought there never was such a hero.

He was a hero, truly, but it was not because he was handsome and rode such a fine horse. It was because he was so good and wise and true. I believe some of my children will do great things, too. You can all be so honest and good and true that people will love you as they did Washington, but you must begin when you are small. Let me tell you something George Washington did when he was a little boy no bigger than the children in the first grade.

His father bought him a sharp little hatchet. It was a wonderful thing in those days, for hatchets cost ever so much more money than they do now. I suppose it had to come in a ship clear over the ocean from England.

Little George was very happy, and went about trying his new hatchet on everything. At last he chopped down a young cherry tree that his father cared more for than for any other tree on the place.

His father was very angry when he found out what was done and some little boys would have wanted to say somebody else did it, but George said, "Father, I cannot tell a lie, I did it with my little hatchet."

I think his father must have punished him, although he said he would rather lose all his fine trees than have his boy tell one lie. But don't you think

George was a real hero because he would rather tell the truth and take the punishment than get out of it by telling a falsehood?

When you get into the higher grades you will learn ever so much more about him, what a good wrestler and runner and jumper he was, how he went out surveying when he was only sixteen years old, and lived in the woods day and night; how he swam across icy rivers and cut his name upon the rocks higher than anyone else could climb, and all about the great war where he was commander. But now I want you to remember how he saved our country and our flag, and how he was able to do this because he was so good and wise and true.

An Easter Morning Talk

On the Friday before Easter Sunday the pupils of the first room passed to their seats with many a suppressed "Oh!" and "Ah!" A few quick strokes of colored crayon had filled the blackboard with Easter symbols.

At the right hand, a tall Easter lily with golden heart and graceful leaves blossomed so beautifully that no one would have thought it took only five minutes to draw it. On the left was a basket of Easter eggs in all the colors of the rainbow, and the narrow strip of blackboard between the windows was filled with a whole flight of butterflies.

The morning song was sung; the Lord's Prayer repeated with bowed heads and very reverent little voices; then the little hands were folded and the dancing eyes fixed on the teacher for the Friday morning talk.

She stepped to the first picture and asked, "What is this, children?"

"An Easter lily," answered a happy little chorus.

"Why did I draw it for you to-day?"

It took thinking to answer that. Five-year-olds are surprisingly ignorant of the calendar. At last John, the brightest and brownest-eyed of all, remembered that next Sunday would be Easter.

"Yes, next Sunday is Easter and every church will be decorated. I want you to look especially at

the flowers and tell me on Monday if there are any lilies."

"Now, what is this?"

A very enthusiastic answer came, for Easter eggs appeal to every child.

"I suppose to-morrow all of you will be coloring Easter eggs. I want you to tell me about them on Monday, too. And while you are coloring them I want you to think why we have eggs as a symbol of Easter. You may be thinking about it now and we will talk about it after a few minutes."

Now, tell me what is on this blackboard. (The butterflies.)

Were they always butterflies? No, once they were only hairy, crawling caterpillars that could not get around in any way except by creeping on the earth. Then in some curious way each caterpillar made a chrysalis around himself like a coffin. He lay in it for weeks, cold, stiff as a bit of iron, and, as you would surely think, dead.

One day there came a little stir in the stiff dead chrysalis. A hole was made in one end and a little head peeped out. Then came four limp, wet wings wrapped around a small living body. Did the caterpillar come out of the chrysalis just as he went in? Oh, no, he came out a butterfly. While you were watching he began to wave his wet wings to dry them, and soon you saw how beautiful they were. Before long he sailed away on them as happy and swift as a bird.

Would you ever have thought that a crawling, hairy caterpillar could possibly turn into a beautiful wide-winged butterfly? Only God could make it change so. I think He must have done it to teach us the Easter lesson.

What is the Easter lesson? That the dead shall rise again.

Yes, this is the meaning of the Easter symbols. The egg, the butterfly, and the lily teach us this lesson.

The egg is cold and hard and as dead, seemingly, as any bit of stone, but from it rises the fluttering, singing bird. The caterpillar seems to be dead in its chrysalis, but it comes out as a butterfly. The little hard lily bulb was buried deep in the cold black earth, but it rose out of this grave and became the beautiful, fragrant Easter lily.

Let us think of this when we see the Easter flowers in the churches and the colored Easter eggs and remember that these three symbols teach us one joyful truth—that our beloved dead whom we laid in the grave with many tears have risen to beauty and gladness of which we cannot yet dream.

(To the Teacher.—It is impossible to write things just as you would say them to first-grade pupils. The preceding talk is a suggestion of ideas, only, to be given to the children in the words that come to your lips when you look into their eyes.)

Two Heroes for Memorial Day

JOHN BROWN.

"JOHN BROWN'S body lies a-moulder-ing in the grave."

The wave of sound floats in from the next room and a dozen little hands are up on the instant.

"Please, Miss B., may n't we sing 'John Brown's, body,' too?"

How they do love to sing it! It must be the swing of the rhythm, for they cannot comprehend the words. Indeed, the teacher was amused and troubled, the other day, to find out that her very brightest pupil considered the song a tribute to a certain Aunt Eliza and never dreamed of rendering the words in any other fashion than "John Brown's body Liza."

It is not the song the teacher would choose for her little tots to learn, but since they have already chosen it for themselves the best thing she can do is to make it real to them. She must teach them to sing it, not as a meaningless rhyme to be shouted at the tops of their voices, but as a tribute.

What do the children know about war? What good will it do for the teacher to explain it to them?

The best way seems to be to say as little about the fighting as possible and tell the story something like this:

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave." Sing the song very softly, children, and think what it means. Then I will tell you about John Brown and the great thing he did for our country.

You can easily remember when he was born, for his birthday is the ninth of May. When he was five years old—that is the age when many children enter school—he was trudging along behind a mover's wagon, driving the cows and sheep on the long journey from Connecticut to Ohio. He was a brave little fellow and we know he had real grit, for once he caught a squirrel by the tail and would not let it go, although it bit his finger to the bone. Think of that, you little man who came in crying at recess yesterday because Tommy snapped you off when you played "Crack the whip."

When he was twelve years old he was so manly and trustworthy that his father sent him alone more than one hundred miles with a herd of cattle. There were few settlements on the way, and bears and wolves lived in the forests he had to go through, but he brought all his cattle safely to the place where his father had sent him.

It was on this journey that he saw a little negro boy just his own age, with whom he had made friends, knocked down by his master and cruelly beaten with a shovel. Then and there the boy John Brown promised to God that he would do what he could to put an end to slavery.

He found plenty to do when he became a man Partly because he did his work so well, the little boys and girls in school to-day do not know what slavery means.

We are glad that you do not, for it meant that the black people, men and women and little children, belonged to white masters. They had to work for them all their lives without any pay, and they could be bought and sold just like cattle and horses.

Usually the masters were kind to them; but sometimes they were cruel and whipped their slaves, and the slaves could always be sold,—children could be taken from their mothers and fathers, and mothers from their children and sent where they would never see or hear from each other again.

John Brown was the first man who fought to free them. He was an old man with long, white hair and beard, and eyes so bright and kind that you could not help trusting him when you looked into them. And he had ever so many sons who loved their father so much that they followed him into every danger.

John Brown wanted to set the slaves free. He had only twenty-one men to do it with, but he was not afraid. He went to live on a farm near Harper's Ferry, and almost every day he drove over the bridge with a load of heavy boxes. People thought they were goods for his house or tools for his farm, but they were really full of guns for his soldiers.

At last he thought the time had come to fight, and he and his men fought as bravely as ever men could. But twenty-two are not enough to face fifteen hundred. John Brown's men were nearly all killed and he himself was taken, tried, and hanged.

He was brave and patient through all the trial. On the day of his death, almost the last thing he did was to kiss a little negro child, and the negro people said, "God bless you." They knew he was going to his death because he had tried to set them free.

It is n't a sad story, although he died, for his death stirred up the people until they fought the war that

gave the slaves their liberty. And that is why we sing "His soul is marching on."

It is a good song to sing and march by. We want to sing it as the soldiers sang it, steadily with a swing to which our feet can keep time, but we never want to sing it carelessly without thinking. Let us be glad all the while we sing because the slaves are free.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

This is the day when we put flowers on the graves of all the soldiers who fought in the Civil War. Let us learn about some soldiers whose graves we decorate.

One of the bravest of them was General Jackson. Thomas Jonathan his mother named him, but his soldiers called him Stonewall, because no matter how many enemies came against him he would hold his place until he was ordered to retreat.

When he was a very young man he fought in the Mexican war, and in one battle the enemies' bullets fell so thick about his line that all the men who fired the cannons were killed or else they fled. Jackson saw this and, getting off his horse, he went up to a cannon with his sergeant and began firing it himself. They ordered him at last to stop, for they thought it was of no use, but Jackson said if they would give him fifty soldiers he would go and capture the enemies' batteries, and he did.

Afterwards someone asked him why he did not run away as others had done, and he said, "I was not

ordered to do so. If I had been ordered to run I would have done so, but I was directed to hold my position and I had no right to abandon it."

He was just as brave and faithful when he was a boy. Once he borrowed a horse to ride, so he could meet the stage coach to go on a long journey. He promised to leave the horse at Clarksburg, but when he reached Clarksburg he found that the stage coach had already set out and was two or three miles on its way. His friends tried to get him to ride the horse on and send it back from the next town, but he would not. He left the horse at Clarksburg, as he had promised, and set out on foot with his baggage over his shoulder, and the roads ankle deep in mud, to catch the stage; and he caught it, too.

Another time a man was very angry at him, and said he would kill him. The man hid by the road which Jackson must pass, with his gun all ready to shoot. They told Jackson about it and begged him to turn back, but he said it was his duty to go on and, even if he should be murdered on the way, he must go. On he went, and the man was afraid when he saw him and let him go by.

He went to learn to be a soldier when he was sixteen years old. Then he went to be a professor in a military school in Lexington. At first the students laughed at him because he was so odd, but they always knew that whatever he told them they must do. He was always training them to be prompt and to obey to the minute, like soldiers. They did not like it then, but when they became real soldiers they saw that it was the finest drill they could have had.

He believed the first duty of a soldier was to obey orders; and the young cadets laughed at him because in the warmest day of summer he wore a heavy woolen uniform. When someone asked him why he did not change it and put on something thinner

and cooler he said that, "he had seen an order prescribing the uniform, but none had been exhibited to him directing it to be changed." They laughed at him, too, because he would sometimes walk up and down in front of the superintendent's quarters with a heavy rain beating upon him, "because the hour" had not quite arrived when it was his duty "to present his weekly reports."

They did not know that a good soldier must obey orders in everything, little things as well as great. When the war broke out they found what a good soldier Stonewall Jackson was. He was made a general and oh! how his men loved him. Whenever he rode past on his rawboned sorrel horse they would cheer and cheer.

He was as brave a general as could be. Once when he went into a fight he saw his men running away, and he stopped a drummer who was running too. He took the drummer to the front where the firing was hottest and made him beat the rally call. The drummer beat it, with the bullets flying around him and his general's hand on his shoulder, and the men came back into line quicker than they had run away.

Jackson led his men on such quick marches that nobody knew where he would be next, and the enemy were often defeated in skirmishes before they knew he was near. He never retreated unless he was ordered to, and even then he managed his men so well that they said he was most dangerous when running away.

But oh, how his men suffered and how he suffered with them on those swift marches! Their coats dropped off their backs and their shoes dropped off their feet, and for weeks they had nothing to eat but corn and green apples; but they made for themselves new shoes of raw cowhide and went on in the cold and wet wherever Jackson led them, for they knew they could trust him.

You think of a general as all dressed up in the finest uniform, with gold lace and everything beautiful, but General Jackson wore an old coat which the sun had faded till no one could tell what color it had been, and an old yellow cap pulled down over his eyes. He had no time for fine clothes any more than he had time for a tent to be set up for him. He slept on the ground anywhere, and ate just what his men did, often starvation rations; and he moved so quickly from place to place that once a dispatch was sent to him directed, "General Jackson, Somewhere."

But no one who knew him thought of his clothes, they only thought how brave he was and how wise, and how he never would do what he thought was wrong. He used to preach to his men on Sundays, and when he raised his hand in the midst of a battle, as he often did, they said that "Old Jack" was praying.

When, at last, he got his death-wound, they covered his face, that the soldiers might not know their general had fallen. His last order in battle was, "You must hold your ground."

He never in all his life failed to hold his ground, and no danger could keep him from doing what he thought was right. There is a pretty story of the time when he was a boy in school that may well be an encouragement to all pupils. He was very slow at his books, although he studied hard, and the first year his standing was very low. The second year it was better, the third year better still, and the last year it was so good that someone said if he could have stayed four years longer he would have come out at the head of his class.

He was at the head of his class when the real work of life came, for as a soldier there was no one like him.

Let us remember his story as we put flowers on the graves, and resolve that we, too, will be as stone walls that cannot be moved away from doing what is right.

Special Helps in the Reading Work

The first week of school is not the hardest week, although the primary teacher, worn out with the herculean labor of piloting forty beginners from their seats the required number of times, may feel so. It is a difficult task to set them where they should be, since each one requires separate guidance in the unfamiliar ground of the schoolroom, but, once there, they are interested. While the first lessons are new the children are all intent.

But after a few weeks the lessons have become an old story. Half of the class know the vocabulary of the first few pages of the primer by heart. The rest have only a hazy knowledge of the words and are languidly disinterested about the whole matter. It is useless to try to go forward in the book till the first few pages are conquered, but it is worse than useless to read them over and over again.

Now is the time when these modern hieroglyphics will stir up the interest of even the dullest and make everything new again. No matter if you cannot draw, you can make combinations of marks that shall be quite sufficient to stand for things to the children's uncritical eyes. Representations for a horse and for a boy will satisfy them in quick reading as well as the most elaborate drawing.

Ask them to bring their toys to school. They will respond most eagerly, and if they do not bring just what you want the toy shops are very near and very cheap in these modern days. When your collection is ready, use the chalk to give directions and set up housekeeping or carpentering or storekeeping, representing the words the children do not know by rapidly

sketched pictures. Do not be troubled by articles, connectives, and such necessary words. The children will read these by association.

Some little girl is sure to bring a doll, and a doll's hat, hood, cape, apron, bed and carriage, will come if you ask for them. The children are familiar with the words, take, put, bring me, find and roll,—that is, they ought to be, for those are the first words in their primer, but alas! some of them are not. Never mind. Just this kind of lesson is the quickest way to teach them.

The class are in place. The teacher, with a meaning smile, as one who says, "Now we will have something especially good," takes the chalk and writes,

Then the little hands go up. The first who succeeds in reading it correctly goes proudly to the table and brings back the pretty doll.

"Now," says the teacher, "we will take off her hood and cape and ask her to sit with us a while." Then she writes, while eager eyes follow,

Take off her

"This word is 'off' and this word is 'her,'" says the teacher, touching the two words that she will not attempt to teach them for the present. "Now, who can do what it says?"—and the proud little reader comes happily to take off the hood.

Put on

follows. Perhaps the children sing a song to dolly as she sits there. Perhaps they march around the chair and shake the tiny china hand for a bit of exercise with surreptitious touches of the pretty dress. Then the teacher says:

"Now the visit is ended. We will put on her things and take Miss Dolly home in her carriage."

So she writes:

LESSON I

Bring me the

Take off her

Take off her

Put the in the

Find the and

Put on the

Put the in the

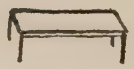
Roll the to the

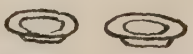
The doll has gone back but the lesson is not done. It has been evolved as a play before their eyes. Now it must be read as a lesson, and after this preliminary it will be easy and delightful. Perhaps they will go around the class in turn, each one reading three lines. Perhaps, instead, they will close eyes or turn to the back while the teacher erases a sentence and then tell what has disappeared. Any method which will go briskly may be used to advantage, but dragging is fatal. Then the children are sent to their seats to draw a picture or write one letter "over and over in nice, straight rows."

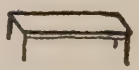
These lessons, which are so simple that even the dullest can scarcely help finding the clue, do much to awaken that proud sense of mastery which is the turning point toward victory in the difficult battle of learning to read. The following have all been used in the schoolroom and have delighted the children.

They are offered with no apology for imperfect drawing since perfection of drawing is not the point desired, simply a means to convey ideas to children. Neither is apology made for using the same words over and over again, for these were the very words these particular lessons were designed to teach. They are merely suggestions which can be followed up in many different ways. The first is a mimic setting the table.

LESSON II

Bring the 

Find the 

Put the on 

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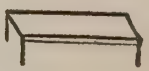
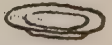
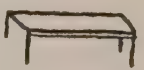
Put a by the 

Take an

Put the on the 

Put the on the 

Bring the

Put the in the

Another they delighted in is a play washing, in which dolly's clothes are rubbed out and hung on a line stretched across one corner of the schoolroom and fastened with the little clothespins which some little girl is sure to have in her possession. Perhaps, like unfortunate individuals we sometimes hear of, dolly, before her clothes can be washed, must be undressed and put to bed, and that makes another lesson. And, by the way, if you want to witness pure delight, you can see it in the face of some little child of poverty as she holds in her arms the pretty nightgowned doll and rocks it to sleep while the rest softly sing. When the clothes are collected and the toy tub and washboard and wringer are at hand, the chalk will direct in some such way as this.

LESSON III

Find the

Put the on

Bring me the

Take the

Put the in the

Put the in the

Put the in the

Then a minute is taken to teach *rub* by sound and, one at a time, the articles are rubbed out and hung on the line. There are any number of sentences that can be used in the work and the whole thing is almost as delightful to the children as the "playing house," which is their chief amusement at recess.

Some of the lessons they will never forget. The delightful time when we learned *find* and *hide* by hiding various toys in the schoolroom and seeing who could find them before ten was counted, and the day when *roll* was the word to be reviewed and we had a regular moving, loading the articles of doll's furniture one by one into the ever useful doll's carriage that served for a dray, and setting them up in a new place. And the cooking we have done! Shall we forget the pies or cake or lemonade? If the proper materials and dishes were at hand, all right. If not, we played that something else was lemons and sugar or what not and were just as happy. How eagerly they read,

LESSON IV

Find three

Bring me a

Cut the

Put the in

Take a (cup of sugar)

Put the in

Bring me (a pail of water)

Put the into the

Does it sound senseless with its inane repetitions? It does not seem senseless or inane to the children who know only ten words but are perfectly delighted to be able to read what is written on the blackboard. How they heaped the table with pumpkins and gourds last fall to have the privilege of reading lessons like this:

LESSON V

Bring me a

Find the

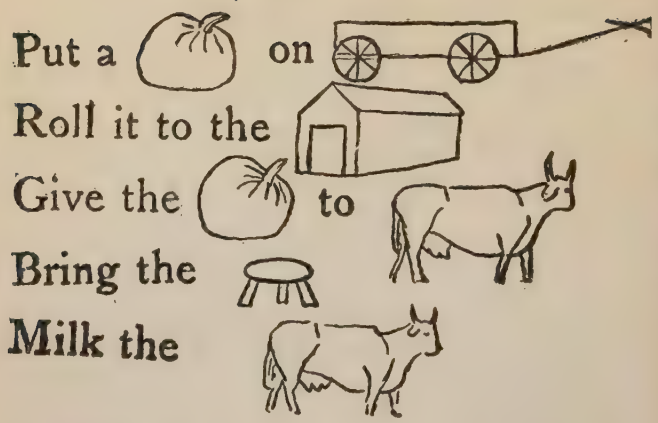
Cut in the

Cut a in the

Cut a in the

See the

LESSON VI



Of course by this time the children had reached the stage where they could enjoy an imaginary lesson and did not have to have everything acted out. Still, even all the time when they had finished the primer and were in the middle of the first reader and so ready to leave Room One, there was nothing they enjoyed so much as a dramatized lesson. Following out this kind of work proved a thing of greatest value till the very last day of their school year.

Choice Humor

By Charles C. Shoemaker

For Reading and Recitation

To prepare a book of humor that shall be free from anything that is coarse or vulgar on the one hand, and avoid what is flat and insipid on the other, is the difficult task which the compiler set for himself, and which he has successfully accomplished. The book has been prepared with the utmost care, and it will be found as interesting and attractive for private reading as it is valuable for public entertainment.

Choice Dialect

By Charles C. Shoemaker

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This book will be found to contain a rare and valuable collection of Irish, German, Scotch, French, Negro, and other dialects, and to represent every phase of sentiment from the keenest humor or the tenderest pathos to that which is strongly dramatic. It affords to the amateur reader and the professional elocutionist the largest scope for his varied abilities, and is entirely free from anything that would offend the most refined taste.

Choice Dialogues

By Mrs. J. W. Shoemaker

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Entirely new and original. The topics have been arranged on a comprehensive plan, with reference to securing the greatest possible variety, and the matter has been specially prepared by a corps of able writers, their aim being to secure loftiness of conception, purity of tone, and adaptability to the needs of amateurs. It is an all-round dialogue book, being suited to children and adults, and to Sunday-schools and day-schools. It is conceded to be one of the best dialogue books in print.

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Comic Dialogues

By John R. Dennis

This is the something "real funny," which every boy and girl prefers but there is nothing coarse in it. It is suitable for school or church use anywhere. The dialogues are arranged for from two to a dozen or more children. A few, like "Vilikens" and "The Headless Horseman," employ music. "Our Lysander" is a real little play. Some of the dialogues are: Innocents Abroad, Artist's Dream, Aunt Dinah and Columbus, Taking the Census, Strictly Confidential, etc.

Humorous Dialogues *and* Dramas

By Charles C. Shoemaker

If there is anything more enjoyable than a humorous reading or recitation it is a keen, pointed, humorous dialogue. The compiler, with the largest resources and widest experience in literature for entertainment purposes, has produced one of the rarest, brightest, jolliest books of mirth-provoking dialogues ever published. Much of the matter was prepared especially for this work. The dialogues are adapted to old and young of both sexes, and while often keenly witty, are wholly free from coarseness and vulgarity.

Classic Dialogues *and* Dramas

By Mrs. J. W. Shoemaker

This unique work will prove not only interesting and profitable for purposes of public and social entertainment, but also instructive and valuable for private reading and study. The book comprises popular scenes judiciously selected from the plays of Shakespeare, Sheridan, Bulwer, Schiller, and other dramatists, and each dialogue is so arranged as to be complete in itself. Many of the exercises may be given as readings or recitals, and will prove acceptable to audiences of the highest culture and refinement.

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Sterling Dialogues

By William M. Clark

The dialogues comprising this volume have been chosen from a large store of material. The contributions are from the pens of the most gifted writers in this field of literature, and the topics are so varied and comprehensive that they are readily adapted to the needs of Schools, Academies, and Literary Societies. They are especially suited for Social Gatherings and Home Amusement, as the staging required is simple and easily obtained.

Model Dialogues

By William M. Clark

The dialogues comprising this collection have been contributed by over thirty of America's best writers in this field of literature. They represent every variety of sentiment and emotion, from the extremely humorous to the pathetic. Every dialogue is full of life and action; the subjects are well chosen, and are so varied as to suit all grades of performers. The book is especially adapted for School Exhibitions, Literary Societies, and Sunday-school and Social Gatherings.

Standard Dialogues

By Rev. Alexander Clark, A. M.

The author's name is a guaranty of the excellence of this book. His long experience as a lecturer before Teachers' Institutes, and his close study of the teachers' needs, his lofty ideals of education and of life, his refinement of taste, diversity of attainment, and versatility of expression, all combine to qualify him in an eminent degree for the preparation of such a volume. For both teacher and entertainer this book has special points of merit, as the dialogues are interesting as well as instructive.

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Schoolday Dialogues

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This book of dialogues, prepared for use in School Entertainments, furnishes great diversity of sentiment and diction. Although for the most part composed of serious or pathetic subject-matter, there will be found many humorous dialogues and much good material for the little folks, as well as for the older ones. The staging and costuming are of the simplest character, and are so fully described as to make the task of preparation quite easy, even for the novice.

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Children enjoy drills, and this is the most successful drill book ever published. It has more than fifty new ideas—drills, marches, motion songs and action pieces. Among them are a Sifter Drill, Ribbon March with Grouping and Posing, Pink Rose Drill, Christmas Tree Drill, Delsarte Children, Zouave Drill, Wreath Drill and March, Glove Drill, Tambourine Drill, March of the Red, White and Blue. Teachers will be especially pleased with the care given to the exercises for the smaller children. All of the drills are fully illustrated.

Ideal Drills

By Marguerite W. Morton

This book contains a collection of entirely new and original drills, into which are introduced many unique and effective features. The fullest descriptions are given for the successful production of the drills, and to this end nearly 100 diagrams have been inserted showing the different movements. Everything is made so clear that anyone can use the drills without the slightest difficulty. Among the more popular and pleasing drills are: The Brownie, Taper, Maypole, Rainbow, Dumb-bell, Butterfly, Sword Flower, Ring, Scarf, Flag, and Swing Song and Drill.

Eureka Entertainments

The title of this volume expresses in a nutshell the character of its contents. The weary searcher after material for any kind of entertainment will, upon examination of this book, at once exclaim, "I have found it." Here is just what is wanted for use in day-school, Sunday-school, at church socials, teas, and other festivals, for parlor or fireside amusement, in fact, for all kinds of school or home, public or private entertainments. The work is characterized by freshness and originality throughout.

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Special Day Exercises

By Amos M. Kellogg

Almost every week in the school year has its birthday of a national hero or a great writer. Washington, Michael Angelo, Shakespeare, Longfellow, Holmes, Browning and Emerson are among those the children learn to know from this book. The holidays, Easter, Christmas, Thanksgiving, Memorial Day are not forgotten; and in between are many happy suggestions for tree planting, for bird and flower lessons, and debates.

Christmas Selections

By Rosamond Livingstone McNaught

For Readings and Recitations

Sunday schools, day schools, the home circle, all demand material for Christmas entertainments, and all want something new and appropriate. This book contains just what is wanted. Every piece is absolutely new, not a single one having previously been published in any book. It contains recitations, in prose and poetry, for every conceivable kind of public or private entertainment at Christmas time.

Holiday Selections

By Sara Sigourney Rice

For Readings and Recitations

The selections in this volume are adapted to all the different holidays of the year and are classified accordingly. Fully half of the pieces are for Christmas, but ample provision is also made for New Year's, St. Valentine's Day, Washington's Birthday, Easter, Arbor Day, Decoration Day, Fourth of July, and Thanksgiving. The pieces are unusually bright, and the variety under each holiday will afford the fullest opportunity for a satisfactory choice; the older students and the little ones alike will find something suited to their different degrees of ability.

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Holiday Entertainments

By Charles C. Shoemaker

Absolutely new and original. There are few things more popular during the holiday season than Entertainments and Exhibitions, and there is scarcely anything more difficult to procure than new and meritorious material appropriate for such occasions. This book is made up of short dramas, dialogues, tableaux, recitations, etc., introducing many novel features that give the spice and sparkle so desirable for such occasions. It is adapted to the full round of holidays, containing features especially prepared for Christmas, New Year's, Washington's Birthday, Easter, Decoration Day, Fourth of July, and Thanksgiving.

Spring and Summer School Celebrations

By Alice M. Kellogg

This book shows how to capture "all outdoors" for the school room. Every warm weather holiday, including May Day, Memorial Day, Closing Day, is represented; for each the book offers from ten to thirty new suggestions. Tableaux, pantomimes, recitations, marches, drills, songs and special programs, provide exactly the right kind of material for Spring exercises of any sort. The drills and action pieces are fully illustrated. Everything in the book has been especially edited and arranged for it.

Select Speeches for Declamation

By John H. Bechtel

This book contains a large number of short prose pieces chosen from the leading writers and speakers of all ages and nations, and admirably adapted for use by college men. Only the very best, from a large store of choice material, was selected for this work. The names of Demosthenes, Livy, Kossuth, Bonaparte, Chatham, Burke, Macaulay, Hugo, Gladstone, Washington, Jefferson, Garfield, Harrison, Webster, Everett, Phillips, Curtis, Blaine, Beecher, Grady, Cleveland, McKinley, and Depew may serve to suggest the standard of the selections.

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Temperance Selections

By John H. Bechtel

For Readings and Recitations

These selections have been taken from the utterances of pulpit orators, from the speeches of political leaders, and from the pens of gifted poets. They depict the life of the drunkard, point out the first beginnings of vice, and illustrate the growth of the habit as one cup after another is sipped amid the pleasures and gayeties of social life. This volume appeals to human intelligence, and speaks words of truth and wisdom that cannot be gainsaid.

Sunday-School Selections

By John H. Bechtel

For Readings and Recitations

This volume contains about 150 selections of unusual merit. Among them something will be found adapted to every occasion and condition where a choice reading or recitation may be wanted. Suitable provision has been made for the Church Social, the Sunday-school Concert, Teachers' Gatherings, Christian Endeavor Societies, Anniversary occasions, and every assemblage of a religious or spiritual character. Besides its value for readings and recitations, the pastor will find much in it to adorn his sermon, and the superintendent points by which to illustrate the Sunday-school lesson

Sunday-School Entertainments

All new and original. The demand for a book of pleasing and appropriate Sunday-school entertainments is here supplied. The articles are largely in the nature of dialogues, tableaux, recitations, concert pieces, motion songs, dramatized Bible stories, and responsive exercises, all based upon or illustrating some Biblical truth. Special care has been taken to make provision for such occasions as Christmas, New Year's, Easter, Thanksgiving, and the full round of celebrations, so that no time or season is without a subject.

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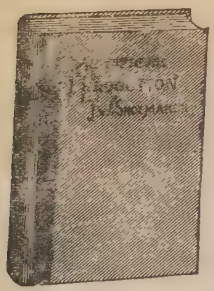

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